THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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DRAWN BY EMLEN McCONNELL

"Catching Suckers"

By Will Payne

Our Daily Bread

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By Alfred Henry Lewis

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CATCHING SUCKERS

A Few of the Thousand Ways of Getting Other People's Money

By WILL PAYNE

THE tide of prosperity has turned and is flowing in. Even the most skeptical now admit it. Crops are abundant, steel mills busy, trade improving, money easy, and in a single day more than 2,000,000 shares have been bought on the New York Stock Exchange. It was high time, for the ebb had stranded thousands of bright men in the United States and reduced them to the desperate necessity of working for a living.

Hard times, as all students of the subject agree, are a psychological phenomenon, a state of feeling. The spirit of man turns cold and cautious. He distrusts everything and will not venture. He loses his cheering faith in the favors of fortune. Hence a business depression hits hardest of all those ingenious persons who subsist upon other people's belief in their own luck. There is hardly a swindle in the whole imposing list which addresses itself to thrift. With scarcely an exception, they offer something for nothing, or a great deal for very little—in short, offer themselves rosily to the victim as a bit of great good luck: where they do not offer themselves under the deceitful pretense of an opportunity to swindle somebody else. So, when men think times are hard and are down on their luck, it is no figure of speech with the purveyor of gilded bricks of all sorts to say that times are hard with him, and so, too, he is just now joyously expecting a boom.

Of course, business never actually stops even in a panic. People must eat. The butcher buys some meat; the merchant lays in a few bolts of calico; the mills turn out a few beams. Here and there an Indiana farmer comes to Chicago and invests his surplus in a South Clark Street laundry-check under the impression that it is the ticket which has just won the capital prize in the Japanese Government lottery. Some people pay five dollars to see the Masonic Temple turned around on being told that it is turned twice daily so that the offices on the other side can get the sun. At the very lowest point, last spring, two deserving gentlemen were saved from the portion of labor for a while by selling a countryman one of the statues in a public park, to be forwarded by freight next day. But these are sporadic cases, and, in a broad sense, there has been little doing. The chain was broken at many points, the circle full of gaps, and if a man did happen to raise a stake he put it churlishly in his pocket, rejecting the opportunity of a lifetime which the next higher man was offering him.

In order to be perfect and completely to perform its economic function the game must operate harmoniously in all its parts. To illustrate:

An innocent farmer boy in Kansas learned from his uncle how to work a simple trick with cards. It looked so much like a sure thing to his friends that, by county-fair time, he had eighteen dollars in money and a cultivated appetite for short cuts to success. At the fair the usual fakir put the inevitable brass watch-chain and glass-set ring in the cornucopia, along with the time-honored prize-box containing from one cent up to twenty dollars. The corner of the twenty-dollar bill often stuck right out of the box—overlooked by the fatuous fakir, who went on singing his old song:

"How were the great fortunes of this country made, gentlemen? By plowing and sowing? By hard work? By trade and industry? No, gentlemen, they were made by speculation; by lucky strokes in speculation, gentlemen. Here, as all can see, we drop in the fine triple-plate rolled gold chain of handsome design, this beautiful finger-ring with the large ruby set, and the prize-box, always containing money. You saw the gentleman over there in the derby hat just win twenty dollars. And we offer the whole for three dollars, gentlemen: five dollars' worth of jewelry and a chance to win twenty, all for three dollars."

And so, presently, the farmer boy had six lots of jewelry, worth perhaps thirty cents, and six little pasteboard boxes each containing one cent. He borrowed a quarter to get something to eat, and walked sadly home.

The Fakir Faked

BUT the fakir was glad. There had been other bright farmer boys in the crowd, and trade had been brisk. That evening he sorted and counted nearly a hundred dollars with a hot and eager heart; for he was only twenty miles from Abilene, where there was a faro game, and he had worked out an infallible system for beating the tiger.

The man who ran this faro game knew perfectly well that there was an infallible system; but it was different from the fakir's—in fact, he was working the system himself. The second day the fakir borrowed a few dollars to lay in a fresh supply of little pasteboard boxes and brass watch-chains, and went back to work, pondering the defects in his faro system.

The faro-man, however, was gay. There had been others besides the fakir at play. His bankroll was swollen until his pocket bulged out. He knew the proprietor of a flourishing bucket-shop in Kansas City, and could prove as plain as the nose on your face that it was the chance of a lifetime to make a killing in wheat. He shipped the roll to his friend in Kansas City, and saw it no more, for wheat went down instead of up. He sighed, oiled up the secret spring in his faro-box, and returned to his humdrum trade.

Now the simple farmer boy knew perfectly well that his friends were going to lose their money when they bet on his trick. It amused him to see how foolish they were. And the fakir was acutely aware that the simple farmer boy was going to get nothing but pennies; the boy must be a chucklehead to suppose he was running the game to lose money. Next, it was clear to the faro-man that the fakir was going to be cleaned out; he had thoughtfully fixed the game to that end. And the bucket-shop proprietor had not the remotest doubt that the faro-man's roll would remain in his possession; certainly he wasn't running a bucket-shop for his health. Being a philosophical person, he speculated good-naturedly upon the many channels through which wealth flowed to his hands.

He was a big man, more or less at the top of the heap—it seemed—treated very deferentially by his banker, besought for advice upon important financial matters; in touch with large affairs; having a broad outlook. And so, knowing all about things, being an adept at the game, and having the best of information, he bought Amalgamated Copper at 110 to beat the band. In due time his bucket-shop was closed, his horses were sold, and it dawned upon him that even he, instead of being the king-pin, was a mere link in the great get-rich-quick chain; that the farmer boy took his friends' money, the fakir took the boy's money, the faro man took the fakir's money, and he took the faro-man's money merely to hand on the accumulation to the great mother-bird of the whole try-your-luck brood—the stock market.

Strictly speaking, there are two mother-birds, for the wheat market, although inferior in size and power, is entitled to an independent position. Certainly all other devices of every sort by which men try their luck and attempt to get something for nothing and get it quick pale into insignificance beside the devices of speculating in stocks and grain. Belief in the practicability of cutting 'cross lots to affluence, via Wall Street or the Board of Trade, springs as eternal as hope itself. Naturally, this belief offers pleasant forage-ground to a great swarm of swindles. In a period of general depression, receding values, languid trade, they grow few and weak as flies in winter. But the return of the sun is already

bringing them to life, as any one can see by looking about in the right direction.

The simplest and most obvious of them is the tip-bureau, which for a ridiculously inadequate sum in ready money will tell you just what stocks or grain are going to do, so that you can win as much as you please. The tip-bureau possesses information worth countless millions, yet it is exceedingly anxious to get your ten dollars. It can tell you what Steel preferred will be next Tuesday, or whether May wheat will be higher or lower on Saturday; but in other directions its powers of divination are limited. For example, often it cannot, to save its life, tell how it is going to pay its little office rent or get its next meal. It exemplifies the rule that prophets are never without honor save at home; for at home nobody would trust it with a Waterbury watch, yet the Standard Oil magnates are regularly letting it into the secrets of their operations and plans.

Tip-Bureaus that Only Tip Over

ITS "inside information" is exactly as valuable one time as another; yet its schedule of charges fluctuates wildly. If it happens to be flush, standing well with the tailor and able to defray the charge of a prominent "ad." in a first-class, highly respectable newspaper, it will charge you as much as twenty-five dollars a week for the use of its key to immediate wealth. If the man from whom it rents desk-room is getting ill-natured about the arrears it will let you into some sure things for ten dollars a month. Melancholy instances have been known where it descended to the depth of imparting priceless inside knowledge for a drink.

I once knew an interesting young man who lived on his luck—which often means other people's ill-luck—and in the course of that profession set up a tip-bureau. There was plenty doing in the speculative way just then, and he seemed quite prosperous. I asked him one day how he was getting on. "Tip-top," he replied. "I make enough selling the tips to cover what I lose playing them in the market."

There are many variances of the simple tip-selling scheme. One of them is the confidential operator who will give you the benefit of his skill and knowledge without charge. All he asks is that you give him twenty per cent. of what you win through following his advice. He tells A to buy Union Pacific and B to sell it. Of course one or the other wins. The tipster takes twenty per cent. of the winning. The other fellow's loss is his own affair.

But it is a strange fact that it is almost impossible to case-harden him to this desirable point. For among all these people the rule is that they die by the same sword whereby they lived. The tipster knows he is lying about the value of the tip he sells, yet, somehow, he believes it is going to come right, and plays it; or else loses his money playing somebody else's tip that is as bad as his own. There seems to be a natural law about it. Either such men get inoculated with their own virus, or they must have the virus in their own veins before they can successfully inoculate anybody else. They work upon other people's faith in getting rich quick, and are themselves the most credulous of all. It is said that the most remarkable swindle ever worked in connection with speculation was begun in good faith.

This was the celebrated "Fund W" of a score of years ago. The operators had been in a number of blind-pools in grain—the great difference between a blind-pool and the other sort being that in the former you go in and lose your money with your eyes shut; in the latter you do it with them open. "Fund W" was a blind-pool brought within the reach of the most humble. It was advertised by ingenious circulars all over the West. These circulars were mostly an elaboration of the county-fair fakir's talk: Speculation was the short cut to fortune, but large capital was required to pursue it successfully; hence the common people couldn't get over the fence, or, if they did get over, they were mowed down by the big operators who controlled the market because they had great resources. Now, if the common people worked together their resources would be greater than those of the big operators, so that, instead of being separately swallowed by Mr. Armour and Mr. Hutchinson, they would collectively swallow those puissant gentlemen.

Such was the argument. They say the men who devised the plan really meant it. But they builded better than they knew. It was too good. The opportunity to become the fifteen one-thousandth of one per cent. of an Armour was irresistible. The common people began sending their money to "Fund W" by freight. Anything was taken, from ten dollars to $10,000—that is, if anybody had offered $10,000 it would have been taken. If the schemers had an honest intention, as is claimed, this flood of popular appreciation simply drowned it out of them. The evidence that so many of their fellow-citizens were aching to get rid of money overcame them. Out of B's money a handsome dividend was paid to A; from C's contribution B received agreeable "profits" on his investment, and so on to the end—when nobody received anything.

"Fund W" made a great sensation in its day, and was liberally exposed in the newspapers all over the country. I have forgotten how many weeks, or days, or hours it was before another swindle on exactly the same pattern was in flourishing operation. I suppose there have been a hundred of them, great and small, since; and no doubt there will be a hundred more. In the later cases, however, there has been less ground for the imputation that they were started in good faith—that is, with any real intention to use the money received in operations on the Stock Exchange or the Board of Trade. Perhaps this will be regarded as an advance by those who deprecate gambling. Why should the schemers risk the money speculating when they have a sure thing—the only chance out against them being that of a term in the penitentiary? They have only to take in the money, paying back, say, ten per cent. of it as "profits" to stimulate further remittances, until the bag is full; then tie it up and, like the Arab, silently steal away. And the result to the victims is precisely the same, for if the schemers employed the funds in speculation, as they promised to do, the money would all be lost, anyway.

The irresistible appeal of the popular blind-pool, such as "Fund W," lies in the fact that it pretends to bring the greatest and most alluring get-rich-quick schemes of all—the stock and grain markets—within the reach of the most lowly. Those concerns are so alluring because everybody knows that enormous gains are made in them. But not many people know how very limited is the number of those who keep their gains. On that head two interesting facts may be pointed out:

Brief-Memoried Victims

A CONSIDERABLE part of the speculating in stocks and grain is still done in bucket-shops—probably, indeed, the bulk of the speculating by persons of small means. Now, a bucket-shop stands in the same relation to its customers that a faro-banker does to his patrons—it simply takes the other side of whatever bet you choose to make. If you win it must lose; and the bucket-shop industry is flourishing wherever the law gives it a show. The second fact is that, as all men know, the judgment of every expert in speculation coincides with the attitude of the bucket-shop on the proposition that "the public" is pretty nearly sure to lose. If "the public" is loaded up they look for a drop—and nearly always get it. And the evolution of the stock and grain markets has been in the direction of widening the circle of "the public"—that is, the outsiders—by narrowing the circle of real insiders. In other words, real power over the markets has been concentrated in the hands of fewer men, and the operator who was some pumpkins a dozen years ago is small fry now. Complete domination of the wheat market by one house is a phenomenon that we have repeatedly witnessed during the last three years. And within the same time we have seen two famous operators in stocks—men who bulked very large in the admiring eyes of the rank and file—made into the merest "public" and driven from their positions by a turn of the master hand.

Still, the outsider sees the thing in its mass and feels its spell; hence one attraction of the bucket-shop, which looks exactly like a broker's office and in which the patron can give his order to buy or sell with a soothing feeling that he is getting into the great game along with Morgan and Rockefeller—although his "order" never gets beyond the bucket-shop's book nor his money beyond its till. It furnishes a kind of gambling which he can and does take seriously. He will even submit to be robbed with the best of grace if he is made to feel that it's the regular thing—what Morgan and Rockefeller and all the big men do.

For example, there was once a fly-by-night bucket-shop in a Minnesota town which attracted the patronage of a husky Swede mill foreman. He bought St. Paul, and came in the next day to find it two dollars a share lower.

"You were all right, Ole," the bucket-shop man explained. "The stock didn't really go down; but, you see, it's selling to-day ex-dividend. When they pay a dividend that much comes off the price. Your judgment was right, but you struck the wrong day."

He deemed it superfluous to add that Ole was entitled to credit for the dividend, and Ole, blushing for his ignorance, was perfectly satisfied. The foreman next tried wheat, and that, too, declined. "I guess that wheat's got a dividend," he observed thoughtfully to another disciple of Morgan and Rockefeller.

A Soup-Kitchen Bucket-Shop

THE bucket-shop "trades" on regular quotations of regular stocks, just like those in a broker's office; and there is a very comforting suggestion of respectability about this. But, as various cynics have pointed out, respectability is an attribute of the well-to-do; the poor can get along without it. So an enterprising Chicagoan, formerly a power in First Ward politics, invented a sort of poor man's bucket-shop—like the other, minus the respectability, which his barrel-house clientele could not afford. Instead of real stocks, this soup-kitchen bucket-shop had a list of purely imaginary ones with highly fanciful names. At night the proprietor made up the next day's quotations on these imaginary stocks. The quotations were written on a tape and put into an improved ticker which was operated by clockwork. Next day, at the opening of the "market," the "ticker" was started up and the quotations solemnly set down on the blackboard, while the customers bought and sold, winning or losing as Crown Jewels Consolidated, Air Ship preferred, and the other securities, rose and fell. It looked just like a real bucket-shop, and felt just like one, too, for the customers regularly lost their money. Here was a case where the proprietor was known to have prearranged the quotations they were betting on, yet the hopeful crowd kept on betting that it could beat him, and it would have been at it still if an unappreciative police force had not finally shut up the shop.

Considering the glad alacrity with which great numbers of men offer themselves to be plucked, it is certainly a credit to human nature that so many people keep on working honestly for a living. Finally, it is in the extreme willingness of the victims that most of the sharpers find such self-justification as they have need of.

It was the Minnesota bucket-shop man himself who told about the Swede with his dividend on wheat. "To take their money without hurting their feelings is really the greatest kindness you can do 'em," he observed. "They're simply bound to lose it some way."

I once heard the same view from a man who was doing much worse than run a fly-by-night bucket-shop. In fact he was robbing office boys and scrubwomen by a "Fund W" on a lower and simpler plane. I've forgotten its name, but it sounded well. You paid in two dollars a month, which drew interest, compounded, at the rate of five per cent. a month. When the payments and accumulated interest amounted to $100 you got a bond for that amount which the company redeemed at face. Then there were a series of drawings every month, and if you drew one of the winning numbers you got your $100 immediately.

"I claim it's a good and right scheme," said the proprietor impressively, "and it oughtn't to be run in. You take the kind of people that go against this sort of game, and there's just two things they can do with their money: blow it in, or lose it. If they blow it as it comes to 'em they don't get any good out of it. They just drib it away 'rushing the can' and the like. And if they lose it a quarter at a time at policy or craps or on a lottery ticket, what good does that do 'em? A game of this kind gives 'em bigger ideas. There's a lot of people got $100 out of this that never would have got it any other way. Blowing a hundred is something worth talking about! Of course, if the new ones don't come in fast enough the old ones won't draw out anything; but they'd have lost the money anyhow, and now they've had a chance at something worth while."

(Continued on Page 26)

THE SPECULATIONS OF JOHN STEELE—By Robert Barr

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II—Our Daily Bread

ROCKERVELT settled with Jack Steele by drawing his check for $398,670, and it was the imperturbable Dunham himself who carried through the negotiations. Steele had asked $500,000 at the beginning, but had made up his mind he would take $350,000. As he wished to have this sum clear he added to it the amount he had to pay for the stock, including Miss Slocum's $10,000, and the percentage, which came to nearly $40,000 more. Then he informed Dunham he was going to add $10,000 for that kick, which he did. He told Dunham that he remembered the kick on an average of once a day, and that this thought humiliated him. Therefore, he would be compelled to charge $100 a day for thinking of the assault while negotiations were pending. Whether this time penalty hastened negotiations or not will never be known, but it accounts for the odd figures on the Rockervelt check.

The station-master of Slocum Junction was given the position of traveling man on the Wheat Belt Line, at a salary of fifty dollars a week, which seemed to him princely. Miss Dorothy Slocum insisted on finishing her year at the Bunkerville school, but during the Christmas holidays she married the station-master, and they set up housekeeping in Chicago with the nice little bank account of nearly $50,000. The young lady's dream of life as it should be was now realized. She was an inhabitant of the Western metropolis, in comfortable circumstances, with everything at her disposal that a large city had to offer her. Jack Steele, in the new year, had the pleasure of escorting the young woman to a matinée, and when he asked her if the few weeks' experience of Chicago had changed her mind regarding the delights of the place she replied that Chicago was heavenly. Jack complained pathetically that she had broken his heart by marrying the station-master, but she laughed and said she had broken his heart no more than Dunham had broken his neck by precipitating him down the railway embankment from the running train, which was true enough.

As time went on he saw less and less of his Bunkerville friends. He was rising rapidly in the financial world, had resigned his position on the Wheat Belt Line, important as it was, and had set up an office for himself. The newspapers had made a great deal of his encounter with old Rockervelt and his victory over that magnate, but Jack was a clear-headed man who had no delusions on the score of that episode. He had spent some very anxious days while negotiations were pending, and no one knew better than he that if Rockervelt had decided to fight, though it might have cost the great railway king more than he had paid, Jack Steele would have been wiped out when the battle was ended. He resolved never again to combat a force so many thousand times stronger than any he could command. He would be content with a smaller game and less risk. Jack attributed the few gray hairs at his temple to those anxious days while Rockervelt was making up his mind, keeping silent and giving no sign.

But gray hairs do not necessarily bring wisdom, and so little does a man know what is ahead of him that a few tears from a pretty woman sent Steele into a contest without knowing who his adversary was, to find himself at last face to face with the most formidable financial foe that the world had to offer.

He had almost forgotten his friends from the West when one day the young woman's card was brought in to him as he sat in his office, planning an aggression which was still further to augment his ever-increasing bank account. He looked up with a smile as Dorothy entered, but it was stricken from his lips when he saw how changed she was. All color had left her cheeks, and her eyes were red as if she had been weeping.

"Good gracious!" he cried, springing to his feet; "what is the matter? Have you been ill?"

"No," she said with a catch in her voice, sinking into the chair he offered, "but I am nearly distracted. Oh! Mr. Steele, you said once that the country was sweet and soothing after the turmoil of the city, and I told you I was tired of the country's dullness. It was a foolish, foolish remark! I wish we were back there, and done with this dreadful town!"

"Why, what has happened? Is your husband ill?"

"WHAT'S THAT BUT SPECULATING, THEN?"

"No—yes, he is—or rather, yes and no; for, like myself, he is at his wits' end, and doesn't know what to do, therefore I have come to seek your advice," and with this she broke down and wept.

Jack thought at first that her husband had been dismissed, and if that were the case, Steele, being no longer connected with the railway, would be powerless to aid. Still, he did not see why such an event should cause so much distress, for a young couple in good health, with $50,000 in the bank, are not exactly paupers, even in Chicago.

"My husband," sobbed the woman at last, "has invested everything we possess in wheat, and since that time the price of wheat has been falling steadily. Now we are on the verge of ruin."

"What on earth did he meddle with wheat for? It is more dangerous than dynamite."

"I don't know," wept the young woman; "but Tom thought it was sure to rise."

"Yes. They always think that. How much did he purchase?"

"One million bushels."

"Good gracious! Do you happen to know the price?"

"Yes; seventy-eight cents."

"Great Scott! Do you mean to say that you two silly young people took on an obligation of $750,000, when you possess less than $50,000? When he made the deal how much of a margin did he put up?"

"You mean the money he gave the broker? Ten thousand dollars."

"Ah, then, a decline of a cent a bushel would wipe that out."

"Yes, it did; and ever since wheat has been falling until now it is seventy-four and a quarter. We have given the brokers so far $37,500, and if wheat drops another cent we have not the money to meet the call and will lose everything. These last three weeks have been the most anxious time of my life."

"I can well believe it. Now, what do you want me to do?"

"Mr. Steele, I want you to take over this wheat. It can't possibly go much lower, and Tom says it is bound to rise. This time last year it was eighty-nine, and if it went up to that now we would net over $100,000. You see, you would not need to take the risk we have done, for we bought at seventy-eight, and you will be buying at seventy-four and a quarter."

"But I don't see how my taking it over would help you."

"Why, if it went up to over eighty—and Tom says it is sure to do that before many weeks are past—you would make a good profit, and could let us have back our money."

Serious as was the situation, Jack could scarcely refrain from a smile, for this he regarded as a beautiful specimen of feminine logic. Of course, if he wished to dabble in wheat he could buy at seventy-four now, and if it went to eighty secure the whole profit without paying anything to any one.

"Is Tom at home just now?"

"Yes."

"Well, you ask him to call this afternoon, and we will talk the situation over."

The young woman rose and beamed on him through her tears.

"Oh, I am sure you two will hit upon a plan. When I told Tom this morning of the scheme I have just outlined to you he scoffed at me; but you see its feasibility, don't you?"

"Yes, I think I do. Anyhow, Tom and I will consult this afternoon about it, and he'll let you know at what decision we arrive."

He shook hands with his visitor and was very glad to see her depart.

"Good gracious," he said to himself when the door was shut, "how fatuously silly she is! And to think that a little more than a year ago I proposed to her! Poor girl! Beauty almost gone, too, at the first whiff of trouble. Still, the situation is serious enough, but it is easier to refuse a man than a woman. I'll tell Tom what I think of him when he comes. The fool! Marching into Chicago like a hayseed from the backwoods, and losing $50,000 inside of three weeks! What he needs is a guardian; yet I'd like to help the little woman, too, although I don't see how I can. I wonder if wheat's going any lower. Hold up, Jack, my boy, don't get thinking about the price of wheat. That way madness lies. No, I'll confine myself to giving Tom a piece of my mind which will make him angry, so we'll quarrel, and then it'll be easy to refuse him."

At three o'clock the ex-station-master of Slocum Junction was shown into John Steele's private office. His face was so gaunt and haggard that for a moment Steele felt sorry for him; but business is business, and sympathy has no place in the wheat-pit. Tom shook hands and sat down without a word: all his old jauntiness had left him.

"Well, my Christian friend," began Steele in his severest manner, "when I was the means of getting you transferred from Slocum Junction to Chicago—and I also had something to do toward endowing your wife that-was-to-be with nearly $50,000—hang me if I thought you would act the giddy farmer-come-to-town and blow it all away in the wheat-pit. Why, bless my soul, haven't you sense enough to know that the biggest men in Chicago have been crumpled up in the grain market? How could *you* expect to win where the richest and shrewdest men in the city have failed? Don't you read the papers? Haven't you any brains in your head at all? Is it only an intellectual bluff that you are putting up before the public, pretending to be a man of sense? Why, a ten-year-old boy born in Chicago would know better! Wheat may be the staff of life when it leaves the flour mill, but it's the cudgel of death in the speculative market!"

"So I've been told," said Tom quietly.

"Well, you haven't profited much by the telling! What in the name of all the saints made you speculate in wheat?"

"I didn't speculate."

"I understood you bought a million bushels."

"I did."

"What's that but speculating, then?"

"Look here, Mr. Steele, are you quite through with your abuse of me? Aren't there some things more that you could say? That I wear a woolen shirt, and haven't any collar; that my trousers are turned up, and there's mud on my shoes? Do you see any straw out of the farmyard on my hair? If you do, why don't you mention it?"

Jack Steele laughed.

"Bravo, Tom," he said, "that's quite your Slocum Junction manner! I understood you were up a tree, that you had bought 1,000,000 bushels of wheat, spent $30,000 odd upon margins, and that now you couldn't carry it any longer. Am I right?"

"Quite right. That's exactly the situation. Now, are you in the frame of mind to listen to the biggest thing that there is in America to-day? Are you in a financial position to take advantage of an opportunity that may not recur for years? If you are I'll talk to you. If not I'll bid you good-by, and go to some one else."

"All right, Tom, I'm ready to listen, and willing to act if you can convince me."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of six stories by Mr. Barr, each independent of the others, but all dealing with The Speculations of John Steele. The third will appear in an early number.

"I can convince you all right enough; but are you able as well as ready to act?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Tom, if you mean going in for a big wheat speculation I'm able, but not willing."

"I told you I wasn't speculating. Wheat will be over a dollar a bushel before three months are past."

"Is there going to be a war?"

"I don't know that, but this I *do* know: the wheat crop of the entire West is practically a failure—that is to say, late frosts this spring and the wet weeks we have had since will knock off anywhere from thirty to forty per cent. of the output. The Chicago wheat-pit is a pretty big thing, but it isn't quite the whole show, neither is it the great and glowing West. It can do many things, but it can't buck up against Nature. Wheat now, we'll say, is seventy-five cents a bushel, because of the belief that there's going to be an abundant crop; but if twenty-five per cent. of that crop fails it means that twenty-five per cent. is going to be added to the present price of wheat. It means dollar wheat, that's what it means, and a man who knows this fact to-day can make unlimited millions of money if he's got the capital behind him. Of course, my mistake was in biting off more than I could chew. If I had gone in modestly I could have carried it, and would have made a moderate profit, but I was too greedy, and too much afraid Chicago would learn the real state of the crops. I expected the news to be out long before now, but instead of that the papers are blowing about full crops, which either shows that they don't know what they are talking about, or there's a nigger in the woodpile somewhere."

"What makes you so very sure the crop's a partial failure?"

"Because it's my business to know, for one thing. I have traveled from Chicago clear through to the Pacific Coast; south as far as wheat is grown; and up north into Canada. I don't need to ask a farmer what crop he expects: I can see with my own eyes. I was brought up on wheat; I plowed the fields, and sowed the grain, and I may say I was cradled in wheat, if you'll forgive a farmer's pun. Wheat? Why, I know all about wheat on the field, even if I don't recognize it in the Chicago pit. You see, my business is looking after freight, and the chief freight of our road is wheat. Therefore, wherever wheat grows I must visit that spot, and I have done so. I give you my oath that wheat is bound to be a dollar a bushel before two months are past. It's under seventy-five cents now, and it doesn't take much figuring to show the possibilities of the situation. Three things are wanted: knowledge, courage, money. I have given you the knowledge: do you possess the other two requisites?"

"Tom, I esteem you very much, more so now than when you came in; but after all's said and done, I'd be simply banking on one man's word. Suppose I go in half a million dollars? You say that knowledge is the first requisite. Have I got that knowledge? I have not. I have merely your word that *you* have the knowledge?"

"Yes, that's a good point to make," said Tom imperturbably. "You don't know me well enough to risk it. That's all right. Now, I see on your wall the big map of our road, which I suppose you have kept as a relic of your connection with the Wheat Belt Line. It's a lovely map, with the Wheat Belt Line in heavy black as the great thing, and the United States sort of hung around it as a background. There, colored yellow," continued Tom, waving his hand toward the huge map on the wall, "are the wheat-producing districts of the United States and Canada. Now, I've been all over that yellow ground. I assert that in no part of it is the wheat crop normal. You pick out at random five or six spots in that yellow ground, and I'll tell you just what percentage of failure there'll be in those places you select. Then get on the train and visit them, question the farmers, and find out if they corroborate my statement. If they do the chances are strong I am right about every other district."

Jack Steele got up and began pacing the floor, his hands thrust in his trousers pockets, his forehead wrinkled with a frown.

"Tom, that's pretty straight talk," he said at last. "I haven't been following the wheat market; it's out of my line; but I dimly remember seeing in the papers not very long ago an estimate that we were going to have the most profitable wheat crop of recent years. Of course, that may be newspaper talk, but, if recollection serves, it was backed up by telegrams from all over the West. How do you account for that?"

"I don't account for it. I am merely stating what I know. If the papers made such an estimate they're wrong, that's all."

Steele stopped in his walk and touched an electric button on his desk. A young man appeared in response.

"WHAT IS THE MATTER? HAVE YOU BEEN ILL?"

"Holmes," said Steele, "there was an account of the wheat crop all over the country in the papers the other day; occupied a page, I think. Go to the nearest newspaper office and get a copy. As you go out tell Bronson to come in here."

When Bronson appeared Steele said sharply:

"Find out for me from some reliable source the lowest price of wheat for the last ten years."

In an amazingly short space of time Holmes reappeared with a newspaper a week old and laid it on Mr. Steele's desk, and Bronson brought in an array of figures.

"Here we are!" cried Steele, jerking open the crackling sheet. "'Wonderful harvests ahead. Tremendous wheat crops!' Of course it must be remembered that prophesying prosperity is always popular, and newspapers like that sort of news. Now, I shall select twenty-five places named in this paper. The useful Bronson will find out for me a reliable man in each place, and I will telegraph him. By to-morrow we should have replies from some fifteen or twenty of them, and if the majority say that the wheat crop is a failure then I think we may rely on your forecast. Now, let us see what Bronson's figures are. Sixty-five, sixty-two and a half, sixty-four and an eighth, fifty-three and five-eighths, forty-eight and three-quarters—gee willikins, that's getting down to bedrock!—fifty, fifty-four, five, sixty-nine, eighty-five—ah, that's something like—seventy-four and a quarter, and so on. Why, it seems from this that no man is safe in buying for a rise if he pays more than half a dollar a bushel, while you come sailing in at seventy-eight! Septimus Severus! I admire your nerve, but not your judgment. Well, drop in to-morrow, about two, and we'll see what the telegrams bring us."

"Suppose, meanwhile, wheat falls another cent or two, what am I to do?"

"Oh, they can't hurt you to-day; it's after four o'clock, and to-morrow we'll see what is best to be done. It is useless to conceal from you the fact that there is an unholy gulf between seventy-eight, at which you bought, and fifty, to which wheat has on more than one occasion fallen. That means a little deficit of $280,000 on your gentle flutter."

"The truth must come out soon, Mr. Steele, and it may be published any morning. When that happens wheat will go up like a balloon."

"All right, Tom; I can say nothing further just now. To-morrow you will find me brimful of information, and quite decided as to the course I shall take."

With this the visitor had to be content. Next day he arrived at Steele's office in a more cheerful frame of mind. Wheat had closed the day before one-eighth stronger than it was in the morning. The conference this time was short, sharp and decisive. Steele was thoroughly the man of business.

"I received seventeen replies," he said, "and they all corroborate your forecast. Now, what do you wish me to do with the little parcel of wheat standing against your name?"

"I thought that in return for the tip you might relieve me of three-quarters of it."

"I'll relieve you of all of it. I've given orders to my brokers to buy a pretty large slice of the wheat crop. This purchase may perhaps send up the price to the seventy-eight at which you purchased it. If it does I'll sell out your lot and send you the money, which I advise you to invest in gilt-edged securities, and leave wheat alone."

"All right," said Tom; "I know when I've had enough. Nevertheless, it's a sure thing, and I hate to let go."

"If it's a sure thing," said Steele, "I'll hand over to you a percentage of what I win, in return for the information you have given me. You go straight home and take this newspaper with you. Write out a report similar in length to these Press Alliance telegrams giving name of locality and the actual state of the crop in each district. Let nobody know what you are doing, and work all night if necessary until the report is complete. Then bring it to me and I'll have it typewritten in this office. Now, this is my busy day. Clear out. Good-by."

Steele's buying took the market by surprise. No one knew, of course, who the purchaser was, but the price rose rapidly, point by point, until seventy-eight was again reached, and then Steele instantly gave orders for the sale of the 1,000,000 bushels that stood in Tom's name, for the double purpose of getting the man his money and lowering the price so that his own purchases might be accomplished at a less figure than seventy-eight. The sale took place an hour before the closing of business, and turned out to be just in the nick of time. Orders to sell came in from somewhere, supposedly from New York, and wheat was offered in any quantity at practically any price the buyers liked to pay. Some one was hammering down the market. A fight was on between two unknowns, and pandemonium was let loose in Chicago. The pit went wild, and prices came down with a run. Steele had already stopped his buyers, and he stood from under. The closing price for wheat was sixty-five and three-eighths. Jack Steele did some deep thinking and close figuring that night. In spite of his purchases of the day he had still a million dollars left to gamble with.

"My friend the bear," he said to himself, "is very likely to keep up his antics to-morrow, so as to frighten the opposition. If he squeezes down prices to sixty I'll buy 5,000,000 bushels. Every cent of a drop will mean a loss of $50,000. It reached fifty in '94, and next year a cent and a quarter less, but this price has never on any other occasion been touched in the last forty years. Even if it drops to that I'll have lost half a million or so, but I'll still hang on. I'm not trying to corner the market, so Mr. Bruin, go ahead, and let us see what happens."

Next day the panic and the slump continued. Wheat fell to fifty-nine, and between that price and sixty-one John Steele secured his 5,000,000 bushels.

Who were the operators? That's what the papers wanted to know. Was it, as surmised, a contest between New York and Chicago? All the well-known dealers were interviewed, but each and every one insisted he was merely an interested spectator, holding an umbrella over his head. There was going to be a cyclone, so everybody had his eye on the cellar.

Of course, Jack Steele might have rested on his oars. He was reasonably safe, in fact he was perfectly safe, if he merely held on, which was a good position to be in. But he had a plan of his own, although he resolved not to buy further unless wheat reached the low limit of half a dollar. In that case he feared he would plunge. This night, however, he proceeded to carry out his plan, which led him to amazing results. He put Tom's report of the wheat crop's condition, now nicely typewritten, into his inside pocket, and locked up his office.

All the upper windows of a commodious business block were aglow with electric light. It was the home of the Press Alliance, with telegraphic nerves reaching to the furthermost parts of the earth. Its business was to gather news which it furnished to newspapers belonging to the Alliance. Jack Steele knew Simmonds, the manager, and resolved to pay him an evening call at what was certainly a most inopportune moment. The great hive was ahum with activity. The wild day on the Stock Exchange was enough of itself to keep it throbbing. Simmonds was a busy man, but he received Jack Steele, who came in cool and self-possessed, with courtesy and respect.

"Well, Simmonds, I suppose you're just rushed to death, so I'll not keep you a moment. I want to see one of your men who is less busy, if, indeed, he is here to-night."

"We're all here to-night, Steele. I hope you've not been dabbling in wheat?"

"Me? No fear. Wheat's rather out of my line."

"Somebody's going to get badly hurt before the week is out."

"So I understand," said Steele nonchalantly, as if it was none of his affair. "By the way, talking of wheat, you gather statistics of the crops from all over the country, don't you—your company, I mean?"

"Oh, yes; several times a year."

"From what office is that done: New York or Chicago?"

"Chicago, of course."

"Who is in charge of that department?"

"Nicholson. Why?"

"I want to have a chat with him if he's not too busy."

"Well, you've struck the one man who isn't busy to-night. You see, his work is a daylight job."

"What sort of a fellow is he?"

"He's a new man; at least, he's been with us only six months—that is, at this office. He came on from New York. Splendid fellow, though, and well up to his work."

"Good. I'd like to have a chat with him if I may."

"I'll see if he's in his room."

Simmonds spoke through a telephone and then said:

"Yes, Mr. Nicholson will see you; but I say, Steele, don't meddle with wheat. If you want any information from him, remember he can't give it out, except to the morning papers."

"Oh, I sha'n't buy a bushel of wheat; don't be frightened."

"This boy will take you to Mr. Nicholson's room. Good-night."

Nicholson proved to be a man of uncertain age. His hair was closely cropped, his face was smoothly shaven, and bore a look of determination and power which one might not have expected to find in a mere subordinate.

"Is this Mr. John Steele," he asked pleasantly, "the Napoleon of finance who stood out against Rockervelt?"

"Well, I don't know about the Napoleon part of it, Mr. Nicholson, but Rockervelt and I had a little negotiation a while ago which I trust ended in our mutual advantage. Now, Mr. Nicholson," continued Steele, sitting down in the chair offered him, "if you are not too busy I should like to ask you a few questions."

"I am not very busy, Mr. Steele, and shall be very pleased to answer any question you like to ask, so long as the information sought belongs to me and not to my employers."

"Who is your employer, Mr. Nicholson?"

"My employer? Why, the Press Alliance, of course."

"The Press Alliance is one of your employers, I know. Your nominal employer, let us say. It pays you to collect accurate information. Who pays you for disseminating false news in the newspapers of this country?"

If Jack Steele expected a start of guilty surprise or a flash of anger or a demand for explanation he was disappointed. The impassive face remained impassive. The piercing eyes narrowed a little, perhaps, but he could have sworn that the faint glimmer of a smile hovered about the firm lips. The voice that spoke was under perfect control:

"They say that all things come to him who waits, and here is an illustration of it. The man for whom every reporter in Chicago is searching, and whom I am most desirous to meet, walks right into my office. How many million bushels of wheat did you buy to-day, Mr. Steele?"

Jack Steele was a much more genial fellow than this man from New York. He threw back his head and laughed.

"Mr. Nicholson, I am delighted to have made your acquaintance! Your wild guess that I am the buyer of wheat is really flattering to me. Yet your own reference to my little contest with Rockervelt should have reminded you that I deal in railways and not in grain."

"The reason I wished to meet you," went on Mr. Nicholson, as if the other had not spoken, "is because I've a message to you from my chiefs."

"Yes, but you have not mentioned who your chiefs are."

"There is no need to mention them, Mr. Steele. When I tell you they own banks in every city in the United States; that the income of the head of our combination is $50,000,000 a year from merely one branch of his activity; that we have employees in the United States Treasury powerful enough to have the funds of this country placed for safety in our banks; that my principals can, if they wish, gamble with the savings of the people of the United States deposited in their keeping; that we have agents in every part of the world, and that there is not a country in Europe, Asia or Africa that does not pay tribute to them; when I have said all this, Mr. Steele, I think two things may be taken for granted: first, that no names need be mentioned; second, that you realize you are opposed to a power infinitely greater than that of Mr. Rockervelt or any other financial force that the world contains."

"You are right in both surmises, Mr. Nicholson, and I experience that keen joy which warriors feel with foemen worthy of their steel, if you will excuse the apparent pun on my own name. I am really quoting from Scott, not the railway man of that name, but the poet. And now for your message, Mr. Nicholson."

"You admit, then, that you are the buyer?"

"I'll admit anything in the face of such a formidable rival."

"Very well. My chiefs are the most generous of men."

"Oh, we all know that."

"If you have lost money these last two days they will refund it. They are even willing to allow you a reasonable profit, and I am empowered to negotiate regarding the figures."

"And all this for pure philanthropy, Mr. Nicholson?"

"All this if you will merely stand aside and not interfere in a market you do not understand and complicate a situation that is already somewhat delicate."

"And if I refuse to stand aside?"

"If you refuse they will crush you, as they have crushed many a cleverer man."

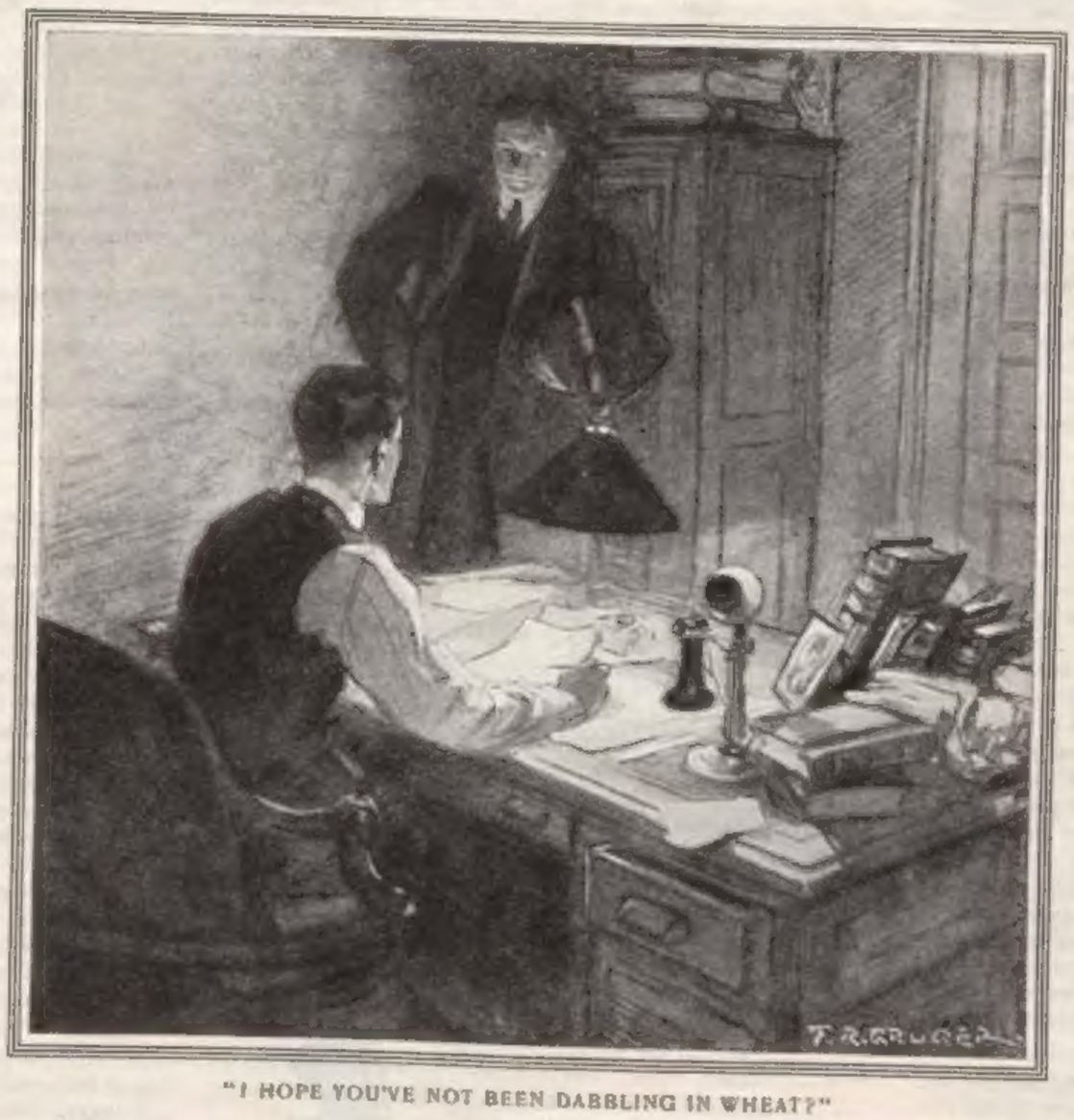
"Ah, that's not tactful, Nicholson, and I'm sure it would not meet the approval of your employers. Your last remark is apt to provoke opposition rather than compliance. Would it surprise you to know that I have a more potent backer than even your distinguished chief?"

"More potent? Yes, it would surprise me. Have you any reluctance in mentioning the name?"

"Not the slightest: it's a lady."

"A lady?"

"Yes. Dame Nature, a charming old woman if you stand in with her, a blue terror if you go against her. Wheat in America this year will be only three-quarters of a crop, if it is that much. You can joggle with that fact for a little time, but you can't conceal it. Even the great firm on Broadway cannot make a bladeof wheat grow where one has been killed



"I HOPE YOU'VE NOT BEEN DABBLING IN WHEAT?"

by the frost—not in the same year, at least. So you may telegraph to your distinguished principals and tell them that Jack Steele and Dame Nature are going to dance a minuet with those two Corsican brothers of New York, and your fraternal friends will have some difficulty in keeping pace with the music. And so, good-by, Mr. Nicholson."

"Good-by, Mr. Steele. I am very sorry that we cannot come to terms."

Once outside Jack Steele hailed a cab and drove to the Chicago Daily Mail building. Here, as at the Press Alliance, every one was hard at work, but Steele's name was good for entrance almost anywhere in Chicago, and the managing editor did not keep him waiting.

"Good-evening, Mr. Stoliker," Jack began; "I have got in my pocket the greatest newspaper beat that has ever been let loose on Chicago since the Brooklyn Theatre fire."

"Then, Steele, you're as welcome as flowers that bloom in the spring. Out with it."

"There's been a gigantic conspiracy to delude the press and people of the United States."

"Oh, they're always trying that," said Stoliker complacently.

"Yes, but this time they've succeeded, up to to-night. Just cast your eye over this document."

A managing editor is quick to form an accurate estimate of the proportions of a piece of news submitted to him.

"If any one else had brought this in," said Stoliker slowly, "do you know what I should have thought?"

"Yes; you would think it an attempt of the bulls to get in out of the rain."

"Exactly. You've hit it the first time. Can you vouch for the accuracy of this?"

"I can."

"You won't be offended, Steele, if I ask you one more question, and only one?"

"I know what the question is."

"What is it?"

"You are going to ask if I have been buying wheat?"

"Well, you seem to know exactly what's in my mind. Conversation is rather superfluous with so sharp a man as you. *Have* you been buying wheat?"

"Yes; I'm the person that has caused the flutter in the market these last two days."

"If I publish this the price of wheat will instantly jump up."

"No, it won't."

"Oh, that's the evident object of the whole thing! If I prove that the wheat crop of America is from twenty-five to thirty per cent. short up goes the price of wheat."

"My dear Stoliker, your paper will sell like hot cakes, but no one will believe a word you say. Every one on 'Change will think exactly as you do, that this is a device of the bulls, and the price of wheat is likely to remain stationary for some hours. But this sensational statement will make everybody uneasy, and there will be a good deal of telegraphing going on during the forenoon. By the time the evening papers are out it will begin to dawn on commercial Chicago that you've done the biggest thing that's been done for years. After that every moment will enhance your reputation."

"Quite so, *if*—and that 'if' is the biggest word in the dictionary just now—if this article is accurate. If it isn't then the reverse of all you have predicted will happen."

"My dear Stoliker, I was quite prepared for this unbelief. I therefore took the precaution before the bank closed to get a certified check for $100,000, and here it is. Pay that into your bank to-morrow, and offer in your paper $100,000 to any one who will prove the report inaccurate. I don't mean in a detail here or there, but the general truthfulness of the statement. It has been compiled by a man I can vouch for, in the employ of the Wheat Belt Line, who has visited every spot mentioned in that report. Now, time is precious; I give you five minutes in which to make up your mind."

"I don't need them; my mind is made up. I'll print it."

Next day events proved that Steele was no false prophet. Wheat wobbled for a time up and down, then began to rise steadily, and at last shot up like a rocket, ending at eighty-three and a quarter. Before the week was out it was well over the dollar mark, and Jack Steele was richer by more than $2,000,000. The night of the day in which he sold out he strolled into the Press Alliance offices and visited his perturbed friend, Simmonds.

"I want to see Mr. Nicholson again," he said.

"Oh, curse him!" cried Simmonds; "he's gone to New York, and I wish he had never left there! I suppose you don't know what a hole he put us into, because you're not interested in wheat."

"Really? Why, I was tremendously impressed by Nicholson's manner and appearance!"

"Oh, his manner and appearance were all right. He came here with the very highest recommendations. I was as much taken with his looks as you were. I would have sworn he was true to his employers, yet I have not the slightest doubt he sold us out as if we were a flock of sheep!"

"You are mistaken, Simmonds. He was perfectly true to his—employers."

Submarine Farms

A GOOD clam farm is worth anywhere from $500 to $2000 an acre—more, indeed, than most tillable dry land. It is under water half the time, of course, and the crop has to be gathered between tides. But no fertilizers are needed, and when once the area is in a productive condition it will go on planting itself. All the farmer has to do is to avoid digging over the same tract more than once in two years, in order that the mollusks may have a chance to grow to good size.

TALES OF THE ROAD

By Charles N. Crewdson

I LISTENED TO THE EPISODES IN THE LIVES OF ALL OF THOSE SEVEN CHILDREN

THE man who believes that on every traveling man's head should rest a dunce-cap will some fine day get badly fooled if he continues to rub up against the drummer. The road is the biggest college in the world. Its classrooms are not confined within a few graystone buildings with red slate roofs; they are the nooks and corners of the earth. When a man gets a sheepskin from this school he doesn't need to go scuffling around for work: he already has a job. Its museum contains, not a few small specimens of ore, but the mine itself.

If you have a son let him take an *ante*graduate course of a few years on the road and he will know to what use to put his book learning when he gets it. I do not decry book lore; the midnight incandescent burned over the classic page is a good thing. I am merely saying that a lot of good copper wire goes to waste because too many college "grads" start their education wrong end first. They don't know what they are working for. If I were running a school my way, and the object was to teach a boy *method*, I'd hand him a sample grip before I'd give him a book of Euclid. Last night a few ideas struck me when I thought my day's work was done. I jumped out of bed seven times in twenty minutes and lit seven matches so I could see to jot down the points. The man on the road learns to "*do it now*."

Too many traveling men waste their leisure. Like the youth of Thomas Moore, in their older days they will wail:

Thus many, like me, who in youth should have tasted
The fountain that runs by philosophy's shrine,
Their time with the flowers on the margin have wasted,
And left their light urns all as empty as mine.

Yet many improve their hours of leisure from business; if they don't it is their own fault. I met an old acquaintance on the street yesterday. "My season is too short," said he. "I wish I could find something to do between trips." I asked him why he did not write for newspapers or do any of a dozen other things. "I'm incapable," he replied. "Well, that isn't my fault," said I. "No," he answered, "it's mine."

I know one man on the road who found time to learn the German language. And, by the way, he told me how it once served him a good turn.

"When I was up in Minnesota," said he, "a few years ago, I got a big merchant to come over to look at my goods. That, you know, was half of the battle."

The Merchant's Field of Liau-Yang

AND so it was; for when a merchant goes into a drummer's sample-room he is on the field of Liau-Yang, and if he doesn't look out the drummer will prove himself the Jap.

"It was my first trip to the town," continued my friend. "The first thing my prospective customer picked up after he came into my room was a sample of a 'Yucatan' hat. You know how it goes—when a merchant comes into your sample-room for the first time he picks up the things he knows the price of. If the prices on these are high he soon leaves you; if they seem right to him he has confidence in the rest of your line and usually buys if the styles suit him. The way to sell goods is either to have lower prices or else make your line show up better than your competitor's. Even though your prices be the same as his, you can often win out by displaying your goods better than your competitor does. Many a time he is too lazy to spread his goods and show what he really has; and his customer thinks the line is 'on the bum,' when, in truth, it is not.

"This merchant—Alex Strouss was his name—couldn't have picked up a luckier thing for me than that Yucatan hat. The year previous my house had imported them finished, but that year we had trimmed them in our own shop. The duty was much less on the unfinished body than on the trimmed hat; therefore the price had dropped considerably.

"'How much do you vant for dis?' said Strouss, picking up the Yucatan.

"'Nine dollars a dozen,' said I, without explaining why the price was so low. It would have been as foolish for me to do this, you know, as to play poker with my cards on the table face up.

"Strouss turned to his clerk, Morris, who was with him. They both examined the hat, and Alex said, in German, to Morris: '*Den selben Hut haben wir gehabt. Letzes Jahr haben wir sechzehn und ein halb den Dutzen bezahlt. Das ist sehr billig*' (The same hat we had. Last year we paid sixteen and a half a dozen. This is very cheap).

"Then Alex turned to me—he was a noted bluffer—and said in English: 'Hefens alife! Nine tollars! Vy, I pought 'em last year for sefen and a half!'

"I never saw such a bold stand in my life. The expression on his face would have won a jackpot on a bobtail flush. But I was in position to call his bluff. *His* cards were on the table face up.

"I merely repeated his own words in his own tongue: '*Den selben Hut haben wir gehabt. Letzes Jahr haben wir sechzehn und ein halb den Dutzen bezahlt. Das ist sehr billig.*'

"'Hier, dake a seecar on me,' said Alex, offering me a smoke. He bought a nice bill from me, and has been a good customer ever since.

"Just to let you know what a hard proposition Strouss was, I'll tell you another incident in connection with him:

"After I had known Alex for two years I went into his store one morning when I was on my fall trip. He came from behind the counter to meet me, wearing upon his face a smile of triumph. He had never approached me before; I always had to hunt him down.

"I said: 'Hello, Alex! How goes it?'

"'Dis ist how choes id,' said he, handing me a card. 'Dot's der vay id choes mit ef'rypody dis seeson.'

"On the card which he handed to me—and to every traveling man who came in—were these words:

"Don't waste your time on me; I will not buy any goods until I go to market. ALEX.

"YES, MY LORD"

"Reading the card quickly, I said to him: 'Thank you, Alex. May I have another one of these cards?'

"He handed me another one, saying, 'Vot do you want mit anudder vun?'

"'I want one to hold as a keepsake of the man, of all men, who is gladdest to see me when I get around; the other I shall pin to the order I shall take from you to-day and send to my firm.'

"With a sweeping bow I said: 'Adieu, Alex; *auf wiedersehen*,' and left the store.

The Trap with a Tag to It

"I KNEW Alex's habits. He always went to dinner when the town clock struck twelve. A deaf shoemaker in the next block regulated his watch, they say, by Alex's movements. A few minutes past twelve I went back to the store and left on the front showcase a bunch of samples done up in a red cloth. On some of them were large green tags showing the quantity I had of each, and the price. I also wrote on the green tags the words 'Job lot.'

"I knew that Alex would see the bundle; and I knew that he would open it—a merchant will always look at samples if you take them to his store. I also knew that Alex, when he saw the mystic words, 'Job lot,' would be excited. Adam and Eve were not more tempted by the forbidden fruit than is the *Yehuda* (Hebrew) merchant by a *metziah* (bargain).

"I went back to the hotel. After luncheon I sent out my advance cards and took up a book. My mind was easy, because I knew just exactly what was going to happen.

"At a quarter of six, Abie, Alex's boy, disturbed me while I was in the middle of a chapter, and said: 'Papa wants to see you right away. The store closes at six.'

"I knew that meant business, but I said to Abie: 'Tell your papa, if he will excuse me, I'll not come over. Won't you please say good-by to him for me? And won't you, Abie—like a good boy—bring me a bundle I left on the showcase? It has a red cloth around it.'

"Finishing my chapter, I started, slowly, toward Alex's store. I met Abie. But he didn't have the red bundle—I knew he wouldn't.

"'Papa says, come over. He wants to see you,' said Abie.

"As I went into the store, about a minute before six, Alex was pacing up and down the floor. My samples were spread upon the showcase.

"'Eef you vant your samples dake 'em away yourself. Do you subbose I raice poys to vait on draveling men?' said Alex. He was keeping up his bluff well.

"With this I began to stack together my samples.

"'Vait! vait!' said Alex. 'Aind you choing to gif a man a jance to puy some ghoots?'

"'Sure,' said I, 'if you want to; but I thought you were going to wait until you went into market.'

"'Vell, you vas a taisy,' said Alex; and in three minutes—he was the quickest buyer I ever saw—I booked an order for $600.

"'Now I see,' said Alex, as he shook hands and started home, 'vat you vanted mit der udder cart.'"

Strategy will win out in business, but not deception. The traveling man who wishes to win in the race of salesmanship, if he plays sharp tricks, will get left at the

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of business articles by Mr. Crewdson from the standpoint of the man on the road. The next will appear in an early issue.

quarter post. It is pretty hard sometimes to keep from plucking apples that grow in the garden of deception, especially if they hang over the fence.

I sat one night beside one of the boys who was sending out his advance cards. He was making his first trip over a new territory.

"What a fool mistake!" said he, tearing up a card he had written. "I addressed a card to a merchant and then turned it over and signed his name to it—not mine. Wasn't that a foolish thing to do?"

"No, not at all," I replied. "If you had sent that card to him he would have read it. Now he will chuck the one you do send him into the basket."

"Bright idea!" said my friend.

A few months afterward I met this same man. "Say," said he, "that was a straight tip you gave me on that advance card scheme. It worked like a charm. Half of the men I went to see had kept the cards on their desks, and I had no trouble getting their ears. Some were expecting a long-lost relative. When they showed me my cards with their own names signed to them I was always amazed at such a queer mistake. There was one exception. I told one man why I did it, and he nearly threw me out of his store."

When I was told this I felt ashamed to think I had taught duplicity to an innocent. I did not know to what it might lead him. Stolen fruits may look sweet, but taste them and they are bitter.

Be Shrewd, Be Shrewd, Be Not Too Shrewd

I KNEW a man who sold shoes in the State of Washington. He was shrewd and sharp. He learned of an old Englishman who, although his store was in an out-of-the-way town, did a large business. The shoe man wrote half a dozen letters to himself in care of the old Englishman, addressing them as "Lord" So-and-So. When he reached the town the Englishman most graciously handed him the letters, and to all questions of the shoe man, who feigned a good British accent, answered: "Yes, my Lord," or "No, my Lord."

The shoe man explained that, like the merchant, he had disliked to leave the old country, but that America—and to state—was a more thrifty land and that he had invested in a large shoe factory in Boston. He said he was merely out traveling for his health and looking over the country with a view to placing a traveling salesman on the territory. The Englishman gave him a large open order, supposing, of course, that a lord would carry no samples. The old merchant was so pleased at having a chance to buy from a lord that, notwithstanding his reserve, he one day told his dry-goods man about it. This was shortly before the goods arrived.

"Why, that fellow," said the dry-goods man, "is no more a lord than I am. He is not even an Englishman." He did not know that he was "queering" a bill, for this is a thing one traveling man will never do to another. He knows too well what a battle it is to win a bill, and he will not knowingly snatch from the victor the spoils of war.

The old Englishman returned the lord's bill without opening the cases.

Although the "lord" did not steal a base on his sharp run, I know of one instance where a shrewd traveling man sold a bill by a smart trick.

In Ohio there was a merchant notoriously hard to approach. He was one of the kind who, when you told him your business, would whistle and walk away, and who would always have something to do in another part of the store when you drew near to him the second time. What an amount of trouble a man of that kind makes for himself! The traveling man is always ready to "make it short." When he goes into a store the thing he wishes to know, and know quickly, is: "Can I do any business here?" The merchant will have no trouble getting rid of the drummer if he will only be frank. All he must do is to give a fair reason why he does not wish to do business. He may say, "I have bought"—that is the best one, if it is true; it is the index finger pointing out a short route for the salesman straight to the front door; he may say, "I have all in that line I can use for some time"; or, "I have an old personal friend to whom I give my trade for these goods—he treats me squarely"; or, "I have an established trade on this brand, my customers ask for it, and it gives them entire satisfaction—what's the use of changing?" Any one of these reasons will either rid the merchant of the traveling man or else raise an issue soon settled.

I will let my friend himself tell how he got the ear of the whistling merchant:

"The boys had told me old Jenkins was hard to get next to, but I made up my mind to reach him. It's lots more fun, anyway, to land a trout in swift water than to pull a carp out of a muddy pond; besides, the game fish is better to eat. When I went into his store Jenkins fled into his private office and slammed the door behind him. I made for the office. I had not come within ten feet of the window before the old man said gruffly: 'I don't want to buy any goods; I don't even want to *listen* to a traveling man this morning.'

"This did not stop me. I walked to the window, took a pad of paper out of my pocket, and wrote on a slip: 'I have some samples I should like to show you; I'll bring them over.' I handed the slip to old Jenkins and left him. The salesman who can do the odd, unexpected thing is the one who gets the merchant's ear."

The Mute Who Talked Business

"WHEN I brought my samples in—I sell a specialty line of baby shoes—I spread them on the counter. The old man was curious to see what a 'deaf and dumb man' was selling, I suppose; for up he marched and looked at my line. He picked up a shoe and wrote on a piece of paper, 'How much?' I wrote the price and passed the slip back to him. 'What are your terms?' he wrote back. 'Bill dated November 1, five per cent. off, ten days,' I replied on paper. 'Price your line right through,' he scribbled.

"With this I wrote the price of each shoe on a slip and put it under the sample. Old Jenkins called his shoe man. They both agreed that the line was exceptional—just what they wanted—and that the prices were low. But the old man wrote: 'Can't use any of your goods; the line I am buying is cheaper.'

"I made no answer to this, but began packing my grip. The old man tried to write me so fast that he broke the points off of his pencils and the clerk's. While he sharpened another pencil I kept on packing. He took hold of my hand and made a curious sign, saying, 'Wait.' But I went right on until the old man had written: 'Don't pack up. I will buy some goods from you because I feel sorry for you.'

"'HEFENS ALIFE! NINE TOLLARS! VY, I POUGHT 'EM LAST YEAR FOR SEFEN AND A HALF!"

"'Thank you, sir,' I wrote, 'but I am no charity bird; I want to sell goods only to those who appreciate my values. Charity orders are always small ones, and a small one will not be sufficient for me to give you the exclusive sale.' That was a clincher, for when a merchant sees a good thing he will overbuy, you know, just to keep his competitor from having a chance at it. I started again to packing.

"'I really like your goods and will buy a good bill if you will sell no one else in town,' wrote the old man nervously. 'I was only joking with you.'

"Just as I had finished writing down my order, never having spoken a word to old Jenkins, a traveling man friend came in and said, in his presence: 'How are you, Billy!'

"'Pretty well, thank you,' said I.

"'What, can you hear and talk!' half yelled the old man.

"'To be sure,' I wrote back, 'but it would have been impolite to talk to you, because you said, as I drew near your window, you didn't want to *listen* to a traveling man this morning. Thank you for your order. Good-by.'

"The old man never forgot that day. The last time I was around he said: 'Confound you, Billy, what makes you ask me if I want any baby shoes? You know I do and that I want yours.'"

It is all right for the traveling man to put his wit against the peculiarities of a wise, crusty old buyer, but it is wrong to play smart with a confiding merchant who knows not much of the world. The innocent will learn.

A clothing man told me of this sharp scheme:

"When I was up in St. Paul on my last trip," said he, "a country merchant—what a yokel he was!—came in to meet me. He had written my house he wanted to see their line. But when he reached the hotel another clothing man grabbed him and got him to say he would look at *his* line after he had seen mine. When he came into my room I could see something was wrong.

"After a while he said: 'Well, I want to knock around a little; I'll be in to see you after dinner.'

"'I am expecting you to dine with me,' said I. 'It's after eleven now; you won't have time to go around any. You'd better wait until this afternoon.' I smelt a mouse, as there were clothing men in town; so I knew I must hold him. But he was hard to entertain. He wouldn't smoke and wouldn't drink anything but lemonade. After we finished our lemonade I brought out my family photographs and kept him listening to my stories of how bright my children were—until noon."

Taking "The Bold Stand"

"WHEN we finished luncheon I suggested that we go up and go over the samples again, as I wanted to leave town as soon as I could. Then he told me he felt he ought to look at another line before buying and that he had promised another man he would look at his goods.

"Had I 'bucked' on that proposition it would have knocked me out, so I said: 'To be sure you should. I certainly do not wish you to buy my goods unless they please you better than any you will see. I'll take pleasure even in introducing you to several clothing men right here in the house.' The bold stand is the only one to take, you know, at a time like this.

"This line of talk pleased my yokel friend. He said: 'Well, you talk square and I want to buy of you. I like a man who thinks lots of his family, anyway; I've got a big family myself—seven children, baby's just a month old and a fine boy. But I promised my partner I'd look round.'

"Luckily there was another salesman from my firm in town and he was opened up that same day in the hotel. I sent for him, never letting my yokel friend get away from me a foot. I saw the other man, at whose line my friend wished to look, sitting in the office; but I knew he would obey the rule of the road and not come up to the merchant until I had let him go.

"My partner was a long time coming. I listened to the episodes in the lives of all of those seven children. I took down notes on good remedies for whooping-cough, croup, measles and all the ills that flesh is heir to. Lucky we struck that subject. Finally my partner, Sig, came. As he drew near I gave him the wink and, introducing him to my friend, said: 'Now, Sig, Mr. Anderson is in town to buy clothing. I have shown him my line, but he feels he ought to look round. Maybe I haven't all of the patterns he wants, and if I can get only a part of the order there is no one I'd rather see get the other than you. Whatever the result, you'll bring Mr. Anderson to my room, 119, when you get through?'

"Sig marched Anderson up to his room. He caught on to my game all right. I knew he would hold him four hours, if necessary, and tell him all about his family history for seven generations.

"When Sig left I went to the cigar-stand, pulled out my order-book and figured about long enough to add up a bill. I filled my cigar-case, and going over to my competitor at whose line Anderson had promised to look, offered him a smoke. He had made a sort of 'body snatch' from me, anyway, and was ashamed to say anything about Anderson, but he asked: 'How's business?'

"'Coming in carriages to-day,' said I. 'My city customer was over early this morning, and no sooner had he gone than a man from the country came in. Two clothing bills in one day is all right, isn't it? I have just turned my country customer over to Sig, as he has a few new patterns in his line I want him to show. Guess I'll go pack up now.'

"I hadn't told a point-blank lie, but my competitor had no right to ask about my affairs, anyway. He also went to pack up.

"I let Sig entertain Anderson until I knew my competitor was out of the way. Then I sent a note up to him. In due time he brought the merchant down and soon excused himself.

"'That's a mighty nice fellow,' said Anderson; 'but my! his goods are dear. Why, his suits are two to three dollars higher than yours. You'll certainly get my bill. I told my partner I believed your house would be all right to buy from.'

"I took the order from Anderson, but I was half glad when I heard that he had died a few months afterward; for if he had lived he would have been sure to catch up with me when Sig and I were both in market."

THE DEEP STRATEGY OF MR. MASTERSON—By Alfred Henry Lewis

The Story of a Stampeded Election

THIS came after the battle at the 'Dobe Walls, and was of the year next before Dull Knife, that Red Richard of the Cheyennes, with 148 followers, two-thirds of whom were squaws and papooses, broke from the soldiers and fought his way to his old home in the North, whipping the cavalry once, twice, thrice, yielding only and at last to the lying treachery of Red Cloud and his Sioux police. It was a great trail, that last, long, running fight of Dull Knife, and proved his heart good and his "medicine" strong. Some one, some day, should write the story high among the gallant deeds of men. However, here is not the place nor this the time; for what comes after is to be a tale of stratagem, not battle; politics, not war.

Commonly the face of Dodge was as open, frank and carefree as the face of a Waterbury watch. On the occasion in hand it wore a look of occupation and serious business. This business expression was fairly founded; a sheriff for Ford County must be selected, the gentleman who had filled that post of trust being undeniably dead.

The passing of that sheriff was curious, and though the story lies somewhat to one side of the true trail of this narrative it might with justice be granted fleeting notice. One morning he issued forth, and, fording the Arkansas at the Cimarron crossing, made south and west for Sand Creek. And thereafter he never rode back. It was understood that he bore official papers to serve upon a certain miscreant who dwelt on Sand Creek. The miscreant in consideration, having bought goods in Mr. Wright's emporium, later jeered at the suggestion that he pay, and Mr. Wright was driven to ask aid of the law.

Three days after the sheriff splashed through the shallows at the Cimarron crossing his pony was picked up by cow-people, saddled, bridled and in the best of spirits, close by the river where the lush grass grows most to a pony's taste. It did not escape experienced eyes that when the pony was thus recovered the bridle reins were properly upon its neck, and had not been lifted over its head to hang by the bits and drag about its hoofs. Later the missing one's six-shooter and belt, the latter tooth-marked, together with shreds of clothing, scraps of leather leggins, and sundry bones gnawed white, were found an hour's ride out on the trail. The pistol possessed a full furnishment of six unexploded cartridges. Also the tooth-marked belt, and those fragmentary reminders scattered up and down all about for the round area of a mile, offered much to support a theory that the late officer in a final expression had become of gustatory moment to coyotes, which gray beggarmen of the plains were many and hungry in those parts.

When the evidence recounted was all in, the sophisticated wisdom of Dodge made divers deductions. These found setting forth in the remarks of Mr. Wright, the same being delivered to Mr. Short and others in the Long Branch Saloon.

"Those bridle reins on the pony's neck," observed Mr. Wright, inspired to the explanation by Old Jordan and a local curiosity which appealed to him as among the best intelligences in camp, "those bridle reins on the pony's neck show that Dave went out o' the saddle a heap sudden. If Dave had swung to the grass of his own will he'd have lifted the reins over the pony's head, so's to keep that equine standin' patient to his call."

"Don't you reckon, Bob," broke in Mr. Short, "your Sand Creek bankrupt bushwhacks Dave?"

"No; Dave wasn't shot out o' the saddle, the six loads in his gun bein' plenty on that point. It's preposterous that an old hand like Dave, in an open country, too, could have been rubbed out an' never get a shot. Dave wasn't that easy. Besides, if the Sand Creek hold-up had bumped Dave off he'd have cinched the pony. Gents, the idea I entertain is that Dave, in a fit of abstraction, permits himself to be bucked off. Landin' on his head that a-way, his neck naturally gets broke."

Dodge, in addition to the serious business look, owned an atmosphere of disappointment which almost bordered upon the mournful. Not that the late sheriff's death preyed upon Dodge. Wise of Western ways, Dodge was aware of sheriffs in their evanescence. They were as grass; they came up like the flowers to be cut down. What discouraged Dodge was the commonplace character of that officer's exit. Nothing had been left wherewith to gild a story and tantalize the envious ears of rivalry. To be chucked from a careless saddle to the dislocation of an equally careless neck was not a proud demise. By Western tenets the only honorable departure would have been that one usual and official. The sheriff who would quit his constituents under noblest conditions must perish in the smoke of conflict, defending communal order and the threatened peace of men. Obviously he must not be pitched from his own pony to fatten coyotes.

"For," as Cimarron Bill was moved to observe, "to be bucked into a better life, inadvertent, is as onromantic as bein' kicked to death by an ambulance mule."

Had the late sheriff gone down before the lawless muzzle of some desperate personage, bent, as runs the phrase, on

THE REPORT WAS A JOYFUL SIGNAL

"standing Dodge on its head," what exhilarating ceremonies would have been the fruit! The desperate personage on the hocks of that snuffing out would have been earnestly lynched. The slain sheriff, his head pillowed in his saddle, his guns by his side, would have lain in state. Dodge, crape on its sombrero and with bowed head, would have followed the catafalque, while a brass band boomed the Dead March, and the rites, conducted in a mood of gloomy elevation, would have aroused the admiration of an entire border. All these good advantages were denied Dodge; and it was that funeral loss which clouded the public brow. The honorable possibilities would be exhausted when the fate of the once sheriff was officially noticed and the vacancy thus arranged had been filled.

And now a new sheriff must be chosen. Politics, in the sinister sense of party, had never reared its viper head in Dodge; there existed no such commodity of misrule. Also, the station of sheriff was of responsible gravity. Thus indeed thought Dodge, and went upon that sheriff-mongering with care.

"My idea of a sheriff," vouchsafed Mr. Short, "is one who, while he does not wear his six-shooters for ornament, can be relied on not to go shooting too promiscuous. The prosperity of Dodge swings and rattles on the boys who drive the herds. It isn't commercially expedient to put a crimp in one of these for trivial cause. Of course, should the most free-handed consumer that ever tossed his *dinero* across a counter pull his hardware for blood it is obvious that he must be downed. The demand of the hour is for a sheriff who can discriminate on the lines I've laid down."

This and more was said. When discussion had been exhausted Mr. Trask, with a view of focusing suggestion, advanced the name of Mr. Masterson. Mr. Wright, as well as Mr. Short, was prompt with his support.

"For," said Mr. Wright, "where can you find a cooler head or a quicker gun than Bat's?"

"But Bat ain't here none," explained Cimarron Bill. "He's down on the Medicine Lodge killin' buffalo; his camp's in Walker's Timber."

It was apparent that the better element, that is to say, the better shots, favored Mr. Masterson. An informal count displayed among his supporters such towers of local strength as Mr. Wright, Mr. Trask, Mr. Short and Mr. Kelly. Mr. Short was emphatic in his partisanship.

"Not only," explained Mr. Short, "is Bat cool and steady, but, bar Mike Sutton, he's the best educated sharp in Dodge."

Cimarron Bill saddled a bronco whose studied villainy of disposition was atoned for by an ability to put one hundred miles between himself and his last feed. Cimarron Bill had been directed to bring in Mr. Masterson.

"An' don't tell him what's in the wind," warned Mr. Wright. "Bat's modest, an' if you spring this on him plumb abrupt it might shock him so he wouldn't come."

"What'll I tell him, then?" demanded Cimarron Bill, who talked with the accent of his native Texas. "I shore can't rope up Bat without a word, an' drag him yere with my pony."

"Here's what you do," said Mr. Short. "Tell him I'm goin' to run, with Updegraffe up for the opp'sition. Tell him that Walker, of the Cross K, an' B'ar Creek Johnson are ag'in me. That would fetch Bat from the Rio Grande."

On the south bank of the Medicine Lodge was a horseshoe bend, and the inclosed forty acres, thick-sown of trees, were known as Walker's Timber. Here was pitched the buffalo

camp of Mr. Masterson; and therefrom, aided and abetted by his brother Ed and Mr. Tighlman, he issued forth against the buffaloes, slaying them serenely at the rate of thirty a day; all to his profit, and the fattened joy of sundry coyotes and ravens that attended faithfully his hunting. It was in the earlier darkness of the evening, and Mr. Masterson was sitting by his campfire, peering into a little memorandum-book by the dancing light of the flames. In this book it was that with a stubby pencil he soberly jotted down a record of the day's kill

"We've made 833 robes, Billy," observed Mr. Masterson to Mr. Tighlman, who was busy over a bake-kettle containing all that was mortal of two hen turkeys—wild and young and lively the night before. "And," concluded Mr. Masterson with just a color of pride in his tones, "I downed them with precisely 833 cartridges, the nearest I'll gu'ss four hundred yards away."

Mr. Tighlman grunted applause of the rifle accuracy of Mr. Masterson. Mr. Tighlman was the camp's cook, having a mysterious genius for biscuits and knowing to a pinch what baking-powder was required for a best biscuit result

Mr. Tighlman presently announced supper by beating the side of the bake-kettle with the back of a butcher-knife. The challenge brought Ed Masterson from the drying grounds, where he had been staking out and scraping the fresh hides of that day's hunt. Mr. Masterson put away his roster of buffalo dead, and made ready to compliment Mr. Tighlman in the manner cooks like best to be praised

Suddenly there came a sound as of some one crossing the little river. Each of the three seized his buffalo gun and rolled outside the circle of firelight. It was as one thousand is to one there abode no danger; for the Cheyennes had not yet recovered from the calming influences of the Black Kettle War. Still it was the careful practice of the plains to distrust all things after dark

"Go back to your fire," shouted a voice from out the shadows. "Do you all prairie-dogs reckon that if I was goin' to jump your camp I'd come wallopin' across in this egregious style?"

"It's Cimarron Bill," exclaimed Mr. Masterson, discarding his rifle in favor of renewed turkey

Cimarron Bill tore the saddle off the malevolent bronco and hobbled him

"Whoopee!" he shouted softly as he pushed in by the fire and pulled the bake-kettle toward him; "I'm hungry enough to eat a saddle cover"

Cimarron Bill, being exhaustively fed, laid forth his mission mendaciously as Mr. Short had suggested. He related the vacancy in the office of sheriff, and said that it was proposed to fill the same with Mr. Short

Cimarron Bill, seeing a chance to tell a little truth, explained that the opposition would put up Mr. Updegraffe

"Who's behind Updegraffe?" asked Mr. Masterson

The veracious Cimarron Bill enumerated Mr. Webster, of the Alamo; Mr. Peacock, of the Dance Hall; Mr. Walker, of the Cross K; and Bear Creek Johnson

This set Mr. Masterson on edge

"We'll start by sun up," quoth Mr. Masterson. "Ed and Billy can stay an' pick up the camp"

When Mr. Masterson discovered how he had been defrauded into Dodge, and learned of those honors his friends designed for him, his modesty took alarm

"I didn't think, Cimarron," said Mr. Masterson in tones of reproach to Cimarron Bill, "that you'd cap me up against a game like this!" Then he refused squarely to consider himself a candidate

"But it's too late, Bat," explained Mr. Short. "You've already been in the field two days, with Updegraffe in opposition. If you refuse to run they'll say you crawfished"

Mr. Short spoke with sly triumph, for it was his chicane which had announced Mr. Masterson as a candidate. He had foreseen the value of it as an argument. The sagacity of Mr. Short was justified, for Mr. Masterson was plainly staggered. His name had been used; his opponent was in the field; Mr. Masterson saw no avenue of retreat. It was settled; Mr. Masterson must be a candidate.

The great contest of Mr. Masterson against Mr. Updegraffe had occupied the public four days, when Mr. Peacock, Mr. Webster and Mr. Walker, acting for Mr. Updegraffe, waited upon Mr. Wright, Mr. Kelly and Mr. Short, who received them on behalf of Mr. Masterson. Mr. Peacock for the Updegraffe three made primary explanation. He and his fellow-commissioners had observed a falling off in trade. The Alamo, it was said, had not taken in one-half its normal profits; the same was true of the Dance Hall. The Updegraffe committee asked Mr. Short if an abatement of prosperity had not occurred at the Long Branch, and put the same query concerning the Alhambra to Mr. Kelly. Mr. Kelly and Mr. Short, being appealed to, confessed a business slackness

"But you know," observed Mr. Kelly philosophically, "how it is in business. It's a case of come-an'-go, like the old woman's soap"

Mr. Webster believed the falling off in traffic due to an election interest which engulfed the souls of folk

"It takes their minds off such devices as roulette an' faro bank an' rum," explained Mr. Webster. "Besides, the people of Dodge are a mighty cautious outfit. Dodge won't take chances; an' at a time like this Dodge quits drinkin' an' sobers up."

"There may be something in that," mused Mr. Short. "But, coming down to the turn, what was it you jack-rabbits wanted to say?"

SOBERLY JOTTED DOWN A RECORD OF THE DAY'S KILL

"This is the proposition," said Mr. Webster; "an' we make it for the purpose of relievin' trade an' gettin' this racket over without delay. Our idea is to set election time for a week from now, round up the votin' population in the Plaza, say at eight o'clock in the evenin', an' count noses. Masterson ag'in Updegraffe, high man win. That's the offer we make. You gents will need an hour to look it over, an' we'll return at the end of that time an' get your answer."

"How do you figure this?" asked Mr. Wright of his fellow committeemen when the Updegraffe delegation had departed. "Is it a deadfall?"

"Strange as it may sound," responded Mr. Short, "considerin' what liars that outfit is, I'm obliged to admit that for once they're on the square"

Mr. Kelly coincided with Mr. Short, and it was agreed that the proffer of the Updegraffe contingent should be accepted

"We're with you," said Mr. Short, when Mr. Webster and the others returned, "but not on selfish grounds. We base our action on the bluff that the peace of Dodge requires protection, an' that the office of sheriff, now vacant, should be promptly filled"

"Then the election is settled," said Mr. Webster, who was a practical man, "for eight o'clock in the evenin', one week from to-day, to be pulled off in the Plaza?"

"That's the caper," retorted Mr. Short, and the commissions adjourned

The canvass went forward in lively wise, albeit, as Mr. Webster had complained, there was a notable falling away in the local appetite for rum. Plainly, Dodge had turned wary in a day that wore a six shooter, and under circumstances which tested the tempers of men. Evidently, it had determined that its hand should be steady and its head cool

It was five days before the one appointed for, as Mr. Webster called it, "a count of noses" in the Plaza, and the friends of Mr. Masterson had developed an irritating fact. There were, man aided to man, 412 votes in Dodge; of these a careful census betrayed 212 for Mr. Updegraffe—a round majority of twelve

This disquieting popular condition was chiefly the work of Bear Creek Johnson. The malign influence of that disreputable person controlled full forty votes, being the baser spirits, and these now threatened the defeat of Mr. Masterson. Cimarron Bill when he grasped the truth was for cleansing Dodge of Bear Creek Johnson with a Colt's .45. These sanitary steps, however, were forbidden by Mr. Masterson, and all that the worthy Cimarron tendered a compromise. He would do no more than mildly wing the offensive Bear Creek

"No," said Mr. Masterson, "don't lay hand to gun. I'm not going to have Abilene and Hays pointing fingers of scorn at Dodge as being unable to elect a peace officer without somebody getting shot in two. Besides, it isn't necessary. I'll beat 'em by strategy."

Cimarron Bill, withheld from that direct aid to Mr. Masterson which his simple nature suggested, groaned in his soul. Thereupon, Mr. Masterson detailed Mr. Tighlman to be ever at Cimarron Bill's elbow, ready to repress that volatile recruit in case his feelings should get beyond control and seek relief in some sudden bombardment of the felon Bear Creek. That latter caitiff, thus protected, pursued his election efforts in behalf of Mr. Updegraffe cunningly, all unchecked. His methods were not unmarked of talent; this should be a specimen

"What party be you for?" Bear Creek demanded of an Ishmael who lived precariously by chuck-a-luck. The one addressed was of so low a caste that he would accept a wager of ten cents. This put him beneath the notice of such as Mr. Short, whose limit was 100 and 200, and in whose temple of chance, the Long Branch, white chips were rated at $100 a stack. "Which is it—Masterson or Updegraffe?"

"Well," returned the Ishmael of chuck-a-luck, doubtfully, "I sort o' allow Masterson's the best man"

"You do!" retorted the abandoned Bear Creek disgustedly. "Now listen to me. What does a ten-cent hold-up like you want of the best man? You want the worst man, an' so I tell you. Make it Updegraffe," concluded Bear Creek convincingly, "an' you stay in Dodge. Make it Masterson, an' he'll make you an' every other tinhorn sport hard to find inside the first week."

It was in this fashion that the industrious Bear Creek piled up that majority of twelve. Unless something was done Mr. Masterson would sup disaster, and even so conservative a mind as Mr. Kelly whispered that he really thought the plan of Cimarron Bill for the abatement of the obnoxious Bear Creek possessed a certain merit

"Let me think this over a bit," said Mr. Masterson to Mr. Kelly

That night Mr. Masterson met Mr. Kelly, Mr. Wright and Mr. Short at the Long Branch and laid bare a plan. Its simplicity impressed Mr. Masterson's hearers; Mr. Wright even waxed enthusiastic

"It will win!" he cried, smiting the poker table about which the four were gathered

"It shore looks it," coincided Mr. Short. "In any event we lose nothin'—we can always fall back on the guns."

At the latter intimation Mr. Kelly nodded solemnly. While not so mercurial, Mr. Kelly was in many of his characteristics one with Cimarron Bill. There were questions over which their honest natures met and sympathized

Acting on the plan of Mr. Masterson, Mr. Wright, Mr. Short and Mr. Kelly craved in their turn a conference with the Updegraffe three

"It's this, gents, that troubles us," began Mr. Wright when the committees found themselves together for the second time. "There are hot and headlong sports on our side, as there are on yours. If we convene in the Plaza, as we've arranged, there'll be bloodshed. I'm afraid we couldn't restrain some of the more violent among us; indeed,

(Continued on Page 83)

ROSE OF THE WORLD

By Agnes and Egerton Castle

Authors of The Secret Orchard, The Bath Comedy, The Star Dreamer, Incomparable Bellairs, etc.

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HER DIMPLES POINTED DEEP SATISFACTION AS SHE WROTE

CHAPTER XI

"WILL you answer this for me, Baby?—Tell Major Bethune that we shall be glad to see him here this week, and for as long as he cares to stay."

Aspasia took the letter between disdainful finger and thumb, and turned it over to peruse. Rosamond, leaning her chin on her hand, looked away from the breakfast-table through the small-paned windows into the wintry garden, and was lost in some dream again.

Miss Cuningham's nostrils dilated with indignation as she read the brief, dry lines in which Major Bethune informed Lady Gerardine that he would be glad if she could now furnish him with some of the promised material for his work, as he was at a standstill. He could run down for the day, if it suited, and with kind regards to her niece—begged to remain, and so forth

"Kind regards to her niece," repeated that young lady to herself with an ominous tightness of expression. "Yes, Aunt," she said aloud, with some alacrity. "Leave it to me; I shall write to Major Bethune."

She finished her tea with a gulp and hurried to the corner of the drawing-room, where she had established her lares and penates, to undertake the congenial task.

Her dimples pointed deep satisfaction as she wrote. "Kind regards," indeed! This Major of Guides should be taught his proper place in the estimation of Miss Aspasia Cuningham

> *Dear Major Bethune* (she wrote): My aunt bids me to say that she will be charmed if you can arrange your promised visit for next week. You did promise to come here, did not you? I positively forget. It seems such ages since that dreadful, dreary sea journey, that it was quite a surprise to hear from you this morning. We are having such a happy time here that India and all the rest of it seem never to have existed We do enjoy being by ourselves
>
> Kind regards from my aunt,
>
> Yours very truly,

concluded Miss Aspasia with a vindictive flourish

Having dispatched this epistle in triumph, it was astonishing how much brighter became Miss Cuningham's outlook upon the world at large and the manor-house in particular She developed a renewed interest in housekeeping details, not, as she was careful to explain, that it mattered really what they gave this gentleman to eat or to drink, only Aunt Rosamond was so fastidious

She discovered that it was absolutely necessary for the entertainment of any visitor that a pony and cart should immediately be added to the establishment, and spent an exciting afternoon in scouring the countryside for the same.

It was, of course, the sense of duty well accomplished that gave such a sparkle to her eye and such an irrepressible tilt to the corners of her lips, as she sat waiting for the return of the above-mentioned vehicle from the station the day of Major Bethune's arrival. It had not been her intention to gratify him with a sight of her countenance so soon; but Lady Gerardine, after faithfully promising to be in attendance at the appointed time, had wandered off, in the vague way of which Aspasia was becoming resignedly tolerant, for one of her long, solitary rambles; and the girl could not, for the credit of the house, but take on herself the neglected hospitable duty

Alas for all the resolves of a noble pride! She had hardly been ten minutes in the company of the newly-arrived guest before she had fallen into the old terms of confidential intimacy

Afterward she could not quite tell herself how it had happened; whether because of the good softening of his harsh face as he looked down at her, or of the warm, close grasp of his hand, which drove away at once the forlorn feeling which had possessed her poor little gregarious soul all these days; or whether it were the mollifying influence of old Mary's scones, the coziness of the fragrant tea and the leaping fire in contrast to the dreary dusk gathering outside Perhaps it was merely that her healthy nature could harbor no resentment, albeit the most justifiable. However it may have been, Major Bethune found his welcome at the manor-house sweet. Even the maidenly coldness of her first greeting pleased his fastidious, old-fashioned notions; and the subsequent thawing of this delicate rime came upon him with something of the balm of sunshine on a frosty morning

His face stiffened, however, at Aspasia's first confidence about her aunt, into which she plunged, after her usual manner, without the slightest preamble.

"She's awfully good to me, always; sweeter to me than ever, these last few days—when we meet! But I scarcely see her, except at meals. And then we don't seem to be living in the same world. It's like talking through the telephone," cried the girl. "Of course, I am quite aware,' she went on, "that the poor darling is suffering from neu—neurasth—well, whatever they call it; that her nerves are all wrong. 'Tisn't anything so very new, either," she giggled; "'tis just too much Runkle—Runkleitis. I know myself, even I, at times, have felt as if I could scream and tear out his hair by the roots. What must it have been for her! She kept up, you see; that's her way And now that she's free of him for a bit, it's the reaction."

He drank his tea in sips, listening to her, his head bent. The firelight leaped and cast changing lights upon his countenance. Baby thought he looked thinner, older, sterner; yet she could never be afraid of him There was something extraordinarily pleasant in having him there. The very loneliness of the Old Ancient House added a zest The unsubstantial image of Harry English faded like a ghost before the dawn in the strong man's presence. She edged her chair an inch closer

"I am sorry Lady Gerardine is no better," said he, formally, into the little silence

Oh, better!" answered Aspasia. "Will you have another cup?" ("That makes the third." She was pleased; here was a tribute to her capacity.) "Better?—that's what is so funny; she's as well as possible. She looks young, young, with a bloom on her cheeks, and sometimes she walks about smiling to herself It makes me creep. I can't think what she's smiling at. She comes down, singing softly to herself. Why, there are times when she looks just like a girl. No one could ever believe she had two husbands," cried terrible Baby

Major Bethune put down his cup untouched. ("He didn't want it, after all," commented she.) "It is rather strange," she went on aloud; "she's simply bloomed since she came here, and the whole house is full of Harry English. And she's shut up half the time, in his old rooms under the roof, routing among those old letters, you know—those letters there was all the fuss about. I thought we'd killed her over them between us," said Baby with her little nervous laugh. "And now, I don't know, but I almost think I would rather see her cry and look pale as before. It would seem more natural. Really, I'm frightened."

Her pretty face, with its wide-open eyes, took a piteous look in the firelight

You don't think it means anything?" she resumed. And the tears suddenly welled, the corners of her mouth drooped: she seemed no more than a child. He stretched out his arm and took her hand

Mean?" he said. "Why, Miss Aspasia, what should it mean? Something perhaps that your kind heart would find hard to understand. But it means, after all, nothing so very unusual. Lady Gerardine, and it is all the better for her, is of those who are quickly consoled. The country air is doing her good, and the old letters——" He dropped her hand, his tones grew incisive. "It is only when the past is more satisfactory than the present that memories are disagreeable."

"Oh," cried Aspasia. She started to her feet. "What a funny way you have of saying that!" And as the meaning of his words forced itself upon her, "How unkind! I think you hate Aunt Rosamond."

"I?" said he, startled. He rose in his turn. "What an absurd idea!" He laughed, but his lips seemed stiff. "I? I would not presume—how could I?—to have any feeling for Lady Gerardine but that of distant respect."

The door opened and in came Rosamond.

"In the dark!" she said, looking upon them unseemingly after the light of the hall. "Is that Major Bethune?"

She came forward, while Aspasia, on her knees, violently poked the fire into a blaze

"Rose of the World," thought Bethune, as the ruddy glow fell upon the figure of his friend's widow. It was true she looked like a girl. Her cheek was rose-red from the cold wind, her shadowed eyes brilliant. The light tendrils of her hair floated back from her white forehead.

"You are welcome," she said, and mingled with her grace and sweetness there was a little timidity which was as exquisite and as indescribable an addition to her beauty as the bloom to the purple of the grape or the mist to the line of the hills at dawn. He bowed over her hand. He felt angry with himself that he had no word to say

"Tea?" said Aspasia As he took the cup from her to pass it to Lady Gerardine he heard the spoon clink against the saucer with the trembling of his own hand

"I MAKE NO FRIEND OF YOUR BLOOD STAINED RACE," SAID JANI HARSHLY

CHAPTER XII

"IT IS the post, Aunt," said Aspasia; "and a letter from Runkle."

She stood at the door of the attic, looking in upon them with something unfriendly in the expression of her eyes. The tone in which she announced Lady Gerardine's correspondent was not without a shade of malicious triumph

Rosamond and Major Bethune were sitting one at each end of the old writing-table that had been Harry English's. Between them lay a pile of papers. From the landing Baby had heard Bethune's voice uplifted in unwonted animation, and then the ring of her aunt's laugh

As she entered the man rose. But Lady Gerardine merely turned her head toward the intruder with an involuntary contraction of the eyebrows

"Dear child," she said—and Aspasia felt the impatience of interruption under the gentleness of the tone—"we are at work."

"At work! It had sounded like it," thought the girl ironically

"Runkle writes from Brindisi," she said, turning over in her hand the thin envelope with the foreign stamp. "We shall have him home directly."

If she had hoped to create a sensation with her news here was a failure. Bethune stood impassive. Lady Gerardine had all the air of one to whom Sir Arthur's movements were the least of concerns. She turned with a little impatient gesture to Major Bethune

"Do sit down again, she said, "and go on. You have not told me whether Harry won the race Oh, he must have won. I never saw any one ride as he did.'

Aspasia's pretty, defiant countenance changed. Of late she had occasionally known an undefined, lurking anxiety about her aunt—it now sprang out of ambush and seized her again. She put one hand over Rosamond's clasped fingers, and with the other held the letter before the abstracted eyes

"But you must read it," she said, half tenderly, half authoritatively.

"Presently," said Lady Gerardine; and then, as if irritated by the disturbing document, seized it and laid it on one side. "Here, Baby," said she, "come and take your favorite place on the floor, and Major Bethune will begin his story again. You will like to hear how Harry took the conceit out of these Lancers who thought that nobody could ride a horse but themselves."

Baby flung a swift look at Bethune, half appeal, half fright. He was gnawing the corner of his mustache and staring under his heavy brows at Rosamond's face—beautiful, unconscious, eager. He seemed perplexed.

"But, my goodness," cried Aspasia—and for very little more she would have burst into tears—"you know what the Runkle is, both of you. Don't you see this is perfectly idiotic? Some one will have to read his letter and see what he's got to say."

"Read it, you, then," retorted Lady Gerardine with sudden heat. Her eyes flashed, the blood rushed into her cheeks She was as angry as the sleeper who is shaken from some fair dream that he would fain hold fast. Thereupon Baby's temper flamed likewise. She shrugged her shoulders, snapped the letter from the table, tore it open. Lady Gerardine began to sort the papers before her, once more determinedly abstracted from the situation. The girl flung herself down on the window-seat below the dormer, and, with pouting lips and scornfully uplifted eyebrows, set to work to peruse the marital document

"Poor Runkle hopes," she cried sarcastically, "that you have not been making yourself ill again with anxiety about him because he missed the last mail. (Fancy, if we'd only known dear Runkle missed the last mail!) You must forgive him, Aunt. Lady Aspasia insisted on being taken to Agra, to see the Taj. . . . Runkle will be in England almost as soon as this letter. (Oh, *joy*!) Lady Aspasia has insisted on his going to stay at Melbury Towers first She is having all sorts of interesting people to meet him (Aren't you jealous, Aunt?) When once she's got him she doesn't mean to let him go—(Fancy, the Runkle!)—Oh——" She dropped her hands with the crinkling thin sheet and surveyed Lady Gerardine with some gravity: "He wants us to join him there!"

"Who—where?"

"Us—you and me, Aunt Rosamond, at Melbury. We're to meet him there, he says, immediately, and stay over Christmas. Lady Aspasia will write."

"I cannot go," said Rosamond quietly, as if that decided the question.

Once again Aspasia hesitated in distress between the advisability of discussion with any one so unreasonable, and the danger of exciting a highly nervous patient. With a despairing shake of her fluffy head she finally returned to the letter and read on in a voice from which all the angry zest had departed:

"'I shall spend a couple of days in Paris. Lady Aspasia has implored me to give her my opinion upon some old furniture. I propose, however, to send Muhammed Saif u-din—my native secretary, you remember—straight to you at Saltwoods. He has some important work to finish for me, and Jani will know how to look after him. He will arrive about the evening of the tenth.' That's to-morrow," said the girl, breaking off. "Lord, I'm glad you're here, Major Bethune! Gracious! This old place is creepy enough without having a black man wandering about the passages and the orchards. . . . Fancy us, all alone in the middle of the downs! He might cut all our throats, and nobody know anything till the baker came. I do think our Runkle might keep his own blackamoors to himself!

Rosamond looked indifferent. She drummed the table softly with her fingers, as if in protest against the waste of time. Bethune still stood without speaking. His attitude had not changed a fraction, neither had his brooding face Aspasia thought that she could have flung the inkpot at him with much satisfaction

"'That's all," she concluded dryly: 'Runkle is his dear wife's devoted husband.' She threw a hard emphasis on the words. Rosamond suddenly paled and set her lips close.

"Oh, yes! there's a postscript; he wants an answer immediately to Claridge's—and who do you think was their fellow-traveler? Doctor Châtelard—he's to be at Melbury, too. It's all fish that comes to Lady Aspasia's net—evidently. Well?"

Still there was silence

It was a clear day. A shaft of wintry sunshine pierced in between the ivy sprays, and caught the girl as she sat: her crisp aureole of hair seemed palely afire; sparks of the same faint yellow flame enkindled her eyes, and even the ends of her long eyelashes. She sat stiff and stern; her face was a little pallid. Bethune glanced at her suddenly. The sky

ROSAMOND AND MAJOR BETHUNE WERE SITTING ONE AT EACH END OF THE OLD WRITING TABLE

was blue through the little panes beyond He thought she made a quaintly pretty picture

"Well!" repeated Miss Cuningham, "you had better wire to Runkle, I think."

Lady Gerardine rose from her seat with so swift a movement that, startled, Baby jumped from her perch. The elder woman was passion white; her nostrils were dilated

"Leave me, Aspasia," she said, pointing to the door with a gesture at once dignified and incensed. "You disturb me."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the ill-used girl. She checked herself suddenly and made a rush for the pass[age]; if she spoke another word the tears would certainly come, and that (she thought) would be the last straw.

Quick as she was, Bethune was before her. He opened the door for her to pass. His air of detachment, the banality of the courtesy, seemed to her an insult; she flung a look of seathing reproach at him as she flounced by

With Sir Arthur's letter clutched in her hand she sought refuge in her own room; and there, on the small, white bed, shed some of the bitterest and angriest tears she had ever known. The thought of the two in the attic room galled her beyond endurance

"Hasn't she had two husbands already?" sobbed she to herself, catching at the crudest conclusions with all the inconsequence of her years, "and couldn't she leave just this one man alone? . . . 'You disturb me'—oh!"

Yet Bethune had remained in the attic scarcely a minute after Aspasia herself had left it. When he had returned to the table Lady Gerardine had gazed at him a span or two with vague eyes, then she had passed her hand over her forehead, sighed wearily, and fallen into her seat.

"I can do no more to-day!" she had said. "Take those papers. You see, I have copied out all in sequence, even the most trivial detail, till the Sandhurst examination Make what use of them you like. I—forgive me, it is very stupid—but I feel troubled. And please—do not talk to me about this any more until I ask you to."

So she had dismissed him. And, dismissed, he returned to the study, which had been allotted for his use, and placed her voluminous notes with his own typewritten manuscript, pending the task of collation. Then he fell into a long reverie, and his thoughts were neither of Harry English nor Miss Aspasia Cuningham

But even in anger Baby was loyal; some instinct, rather than any positive train of reasoning, told her that Sir Arthur's arrival at the present juncture would inevitably precipitate matters to a most undesirable climax. On the other hand, how keep him away if his wife persisted in her attitude of indifference and silence? . . .

"Good gracious, we'll have Runkle turning up in a special train before the week's out!" How to prevent it?

With much labor she finally concocted and dispatched a telegram of Machiavellian artfulness to await arrival at Claridge's, taking further upon herself to sign it in Lady Gerardine's name:

Just received letter. Overjoyed return; trust you can make arrangements to join me here at once: unfortunate presence of guest prevents my leaving. Otherwise would meet you London before Melbury

"That will do it, I think," said the astute young lady. "If Runkle thinks that any one is trying to dictate to him or to interfere with his own sacred arrangements—the trick is done!"

CHAPTER XVII

BEFORE the two women met again it was evening—the debatable hour, between light and darkness, which falls so quickly upon the December day. Rosamond had come in, wet and weary, from a walk alone on the downs; caught by reverie, she sat before the fire in her dressing gown, her change of garb unfinished, her hair still loosened, gazing through those unsubstantial, misty recent years to the past, which had grown so vivid

Aspasia peeped in, half drew back, hesitated; then, as Lady Gerardine held out her left hand without a word, the girl flew to her side and nestled down on the hearth-rug at her feet, seizing the white hand with the unexpressed joy of tacit reconciliation For a little while there was silence between them. Baby's eyes roved about the room; within her sunny head a host of new thoughts were humming like a hive of bees. All at once something unfamiliar to her touch about the fingers she was fondling drew her gaze with surprise.

"Why, Aunt Rosamond!"

"Yes, Baby."

Lady Gerardine answered from the past, her voice far away and dreamy

"Why." The girl turned the inert hand now to the faint gray light of the waning day, now to the fireglow. "You have changed your rings. This is a new one I never saw before," and her plump fingertips felt the plain circle, so much rounder and narrower than that pompous gold band with which the great Sir Arthur had plighted his nuptial vow The cry had almost escaped her lips: "You've never taken off Runkle's wedding ring!" but she checked it with that new prudence circumstances were forcing upon her. She wished now she had not spoken at all. But Lady Gerardine was smiling

'Yes," said she tenderly, looking down at her hand where the leaping wood flame flushed back from the narrow gold circlet and the tiny colored gems of an antique ring that surmounted it. "I have changed my rings—this one was given me the night before my marriage. It all went so quickly, you see, Baby, that my engagement-ring only came the day before the wedding-ring. It was hers," said Rosamond, looking over her shoulder at the bed where Mrs. English had died

"'Tis a very old trinket, you see. Red roses of rubies, green leaves of emerald, and a diamond heart. He said it was my heart—I said it was his."

She smiled again into space. Aspasia clasped her and kissed her. It was the first time since the voyage her aunt had spoken to her openly of her hidden thoughts. And now she spoke as if confidence had always existed between them, as if she were merely continuing the thread of an interrupted discourse.

Baby's heart began to sink with an uneasy sense of awe as before something unnatural, and of her own incapacity for meeting it. She wished her kiss could stop the lovely, smiling lips from further speech. But Lady Gerardine went on

"We were married quite early, in the little Alverstoke church. I used to hate it when I went there Sunday after Sunday; but it was a new place to me that morning, holy and beautiful, all in the dewy freshness, gray amid the green, with stripes of sunlight yellow upon it, and the dancing shadows of the trees. The whole church was full of the smell of white narcissus; it was like incense. When I came up the nave he turned where he stood at the altar rail, and looked at me. I can see him now, just as he looked; his eyes dark, dark, and his face quite pale for all it was so brouzed. Baby, I can smell the narcissus now, as I stood beside him and he put this on my finger."

She raised her hand and kissed the ring

"I shall never take it off," she said, as if to herself. And unhappy, practical Baby could have laughed and cried together with the despairing ejaculation: "Poor Runkle!"

The night was pressing up against the windows; only the firelight now fought the darkness in the wainscoted room Upon the panel opposite the bed the lifesize portrait of Captain English, in its strong relief of black and white, began to assume a ruddy tint; in the shifting of the shadows the expression of the face seemed to change. It assumed startling airs of life. Baby caught sight of this and gave a faint scream

"Oh, oh," she cried. "He almost looks alive!"

Lady Gerardine had seen, too; but there was no terror in her soul.

"Why should he not look alive?" said she, in a soft, confidential whisper. "He's not really dead, you know."

The astounding words had scarcely fallen upon Baby's alarmed consciousness when there was a crunching of wheels below the window, as if the night without had suddenly engendered some ghostly visitor in state. A violent peal rang through the silent house; a new but very tangible fear was upon Aspasia. With a shriek she sprang to her feet.

"As sure as eggs is eggs, it's Runkle!"

She rushed helter-skelter to the door, while Rosamond sat still, clasping her ringed finger.

A minute later Aspasia burst into the room again. She was laughing violently in reaction, and brought a breath as of wet woods and winter winds into the warm room.

"It's all right," she gasped. "It isn't Runkle, Aunt; it's only——" with a fresh, irrepressible gust, "it's only the 'native spring,' you know, the black man—the secretary who's writing up Runkle's monument!"

She leaned against the bedpost, puffing and fanning herself with her handkerchief.

"What a turn he's given me—poor thing! I'm glad we've got Jani for him. He looked so forlorn, standing in the hall, staring about him with great, sad eyes, like something pitchforked into a different world."

Jani carried a lamp into the small, bare chamber allotted to Muhammed Saif-u-din, and placed it on the table at which he was seated

She turned up the wick, and was straightening herself from her task when her glance fell upon the man's hands and became riveted there. Even in their attitude of repose, folded one over the other in the Oriental fashion, these dusky hands had a singular suggestion of strength and energy about them. They were larger, too, than might have been expected in a babu; but, then, was he not of the virile northern breed?

After a while, slowly, the woman's gaze traveled up to the broad breast, where it rested once more. Then, upon a sudden impulse, she tilted the green shade so as to throw the full light upon the bearded countenance. The secretary smiled and raised his eyes to look at her in return, but her action had cast her face into profound shadow.

"So," said he in her own tongue, "here we meet, children of the sun in the land of the mist. So far from home, we should be friends."

"I make no friend of your blood-stained race," said Jani harshly

"Why, what harm have we done thee or thine, mother?" asked Muhammed, his easy, good humored tone contradicted by the relentless keenness of the gaze that still strove to pierce the gloom in her direction

"What harm, Pathan?" shrieked Jani suddenly, trembling with a sort of monkey fury. She flung out her hands as if waving off some threatening vision. "What harm, do you ask, have you done, you and your brothers of the mountain? Harm enough. See that ye do no more. Cross not my mistress' path."

Muhammed put his hand over his mouth, as if to conceal a yawn. Then, with an air of weary curiosity:

"Your mistress?" he echoed. "Nay, mother, my business is with your noble lord. How should even my shadow ever come between your lady and the sun?"

"I will tell you," said Jani. She came closer to him, though still keeping in the darkness, and laid her fingers on his sleeve. "Your mountains once brought her great sorrow She has forgotten, she is consoled. I would not that she remembered again. Why did you come here?" she cried, breaking into a wail. "My heart trembles. It is for no good"

The man shrugged his shoulders, but she repeated in a sort of frenzy:

"Keep out of the memsahib's way. Wai, that you should have come here to remind her! Her tears are dry."

Muhammed smiled again, a smile full of secret yet fierce irony.

"I am here," said he, "upon the bidding of my most noble lord and master, the Governor Sahib, of splendid fame

"Great be his shadow!" ejaculated the woman with Eastern gesture of reverence. "Oh, you speak the truth, that is a noble and magnificent lord!"

"Ay," quoth the secretary. Then, with a movement as sudden as her own had been, he lifted the shade altogether from the lamp. Jani again flung out both her hands.

"Stay," he commanded as she huddled toward the door; and she stayed, glancing at him with furtive, furious eyes like a frightened wild thing. "You love your lady then so deeply?" he queried, studying her dark face in the revealing glare

The ayah's lips moved. She looked askance at her questioner, dropped her gaze upon his hands again, hesitated, and at last spoke

"I—I suckled her at this breast," she answered, beating her withered bosom. "She is more beloved to me than the child of my flesh. When she weeps it is as if my blood fell She is happy, she is great, she is the lady of a high and magnificent lord. She reigns as a queen, she has jewels—oh, jewels—all her heart can wish"

"What then?" cried Muhammed, laughing loudly

"The sons of the mountain have made her weep enough," cried Jani hoarsely. She was trembling as between a terror of pleading and an impotence of anger. "Woe to you if your shadow come between her and the sunshine! The dead are dead, past and done with; but the living she shall keep—and her greatness."

"You speak in riddles," said the Pathan coldly. "But doubtless you are a faithful servant. Faithful, but also foolish. I will not harm your mistress!"

"Who harms my lord harms her," retorted the woman sullenly.

Muhammed's eyes flashed. "And who would harm so just, so great, so beloved a master? You weary me, mother, begone."

He did not raise his voice, but there was that in it before which she shrank; creeping from the room thereafter stealthily, like a threatened dog

Muhammed, his hands folded once more, remained seated long into the night, with the merciless light of the unshaded lamp upon his brooding countenance.

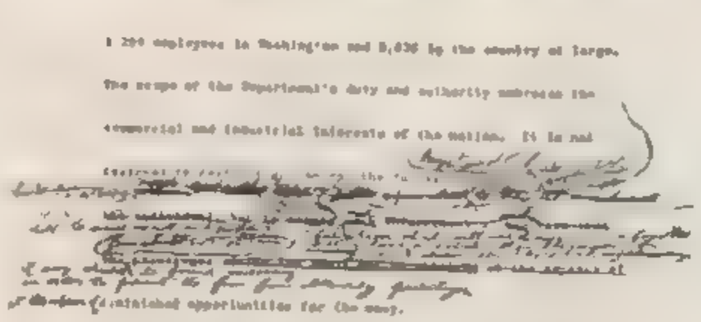
(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW THE PRESIDENT WRITES HIS MESSAGE—By A. Maurice Low

A Five Months' Task for a Corps of Editors and Stenographers

THE President's message at the beginning of a session of Congress is not written in a week or even a month. The actual manual labor of writing the message may take only a few days, but long before the crop can be garnered the seed must be sown. The planting season in the White House begins as soon as one message is written, and keeps up without intermission until the next is ready to be harvested. A President's message is his greatest state paper, it is of international as well as national importance, and is read by the entire world; in Europe by men whose business it is to comment on current events, by men in whose hands are the destinies of nations, by emperors and kings; and in America by the uncrowned kings, some of whom, after they have read the message, are morally convinced that if they had been given the job they could have turned out a much better piece of work. Perhaps there is no single piece of literary composition in all the world that has such a wide publicity and so many readers as a message of the President, that means so much, and is usually awaited with such keen interest. Little wonder, then, that during the time the message is in course of incubation everybody—President, members of the Cabinet, secretary, stenographers, and all who have a part in it—should feel the responsibility upon them. But, of course, the chief responsibility is the President's, and there is no one with whom he can share it

The message, like the diaphanous fabrics that women will wear next summer, is planned for a year in advance. Last summer, while women at the seashore and mountain were wearing the "latest" creations, there were even then in existence things still later, but they were not visible to the public. While dressmakers were busy evolving poetical dreams out of filmy things that defy description by mere man, mere man, usually grimy, mostly hard worked and



EXTRACT FROM A MANUSCRIPT PAGE CORRECTED BY THE PRESIDENT

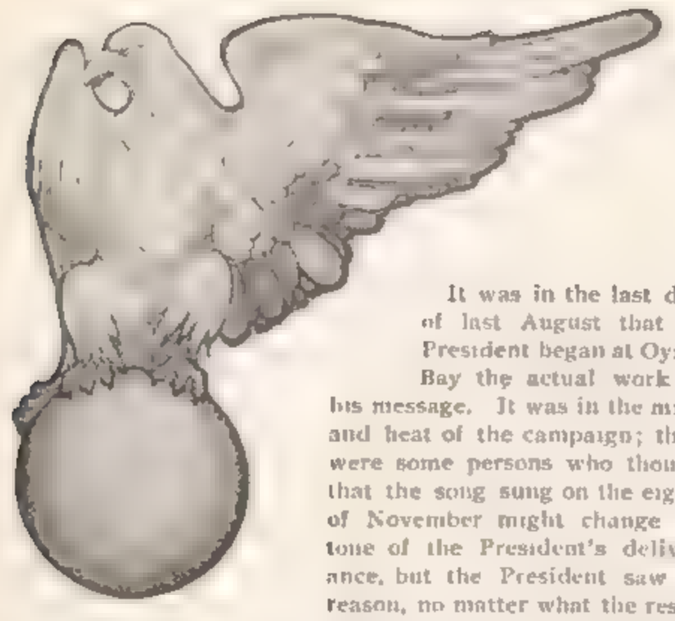
rarely gifted with any more imagination than he actually needs, was evolving new conceits to make womenkind envious. So, too, the President sends his season's output to market, if one may use the commercial simile, and then, like a prudent man of business, immediately begins to think about the next season's trade.

After a message is written, Loeb—William Loeb, Jr., the President's invaluable secretary, the engineer of the Government machine who goes round with a can dropping oil here and there so as to keep the bearings smooth and the wheels turning without friction—takes a fine, large envelope, boldly inscribes it, "Suggestions for the President's Message," and puts it in a corner of his desk where he can lay his hand upon it without much trouble. It does not long remain empty.

"Loeb," says the President some morning in the course of other business, "make a memorandum for the message." And then the President gives him the thought that is in his head and pays no further attention to the matter. Later Mr. Loeb has the suggestion typewritten, and it is placed in the envelope until the proper time arrives for its use. Sometimes a suggestion occurs to the President as he sits at his desk in his office or study, when he jots down a word or two, just sufficient to jog his memory the next day, and gives it to Mr Loeb, and that also finds its way to the envelope.

Week after week these memorands accumulate. Sometimes it is a member of the Cabinet who says to the President in the course of a casual conversation that it would be a good thing to make a certain recommendation to Congress in the next message; sometimes a man in private life, but one whose opinion the President respects, makes the suggestion; sometimes strangers write to the President.

It is, however, only fair to say that while many write few have wisdom. Of the great mass of uninvited correspondents who think it is their duty to save the nation and help the President run the Government, a pitifully small percentage develop an idea that is worth the price of the paper on which it is written. There are, however, some people to whom the President writes for suggestions, specialists who can talk with the air of authority. Everything that might be useful goes into the envelope—that which by no stretch of the imagination could ever be useful is interred in the "official files."



It was in the last days of last August that the President began at Oyster Bay the actual work on his message. It was in the midst and heat of the campaign; there were some persons who thought that the song sung on the eighth of November might change the tone of the President's deliverance, but the President saw no reason, no matter what the result might be, that he should not say the things that he considered ought to be said Favorable or unfavorable, the result of the election would not alter his belief in the wisdom of the United States possessing a great and powerful navy.

It was in Washington, however, that the real work was done after the President returned to the White House from his summer outing at Oyster Bay. Before the President begins to write, Mr. Loeb goes through all the memoranda in the famous envelope, carefully assorts and classifies them, and makes up a schedule, which he gives to the President. Custom has ordained that the President, who is required by the Constitution to "give to the Congress information of the state of the Union," shall give place to certain stock subjects. The work of the executive departments is reviewed and recommendations made concerning them. To obtain this information he confers with the individual members of the Cabinet, who submit to him a memorandum of the principal work done and the new legislation they deem advisable This is the framework of the structure

Mr. Roosevelt has the gift which every literary man who does not possess it envies—the ability to dictate. Many men who have power of expression and a wide vocabulary go to pieces the moment they attempt to translate their thoughts through the medium of another person. Mr. Roosevelt dictates fluently and without effort. The sentence forms itself in his mind, then it comes dashing from his lips, often in a torrent, frequently with the same emphasis and inflection, and accompanied by the proper gesture, that he would use if he were speaking to a large audience instead of an audience of one—a stenographer who is so busy "taking" him that he has no thought for emphasis and no eyes for gestures. This is not a pose on the part of Mr. Roosevelt; it is the natural vitality and thoroughness of the man who when he plays plays and when he works puts every ounce of strength behind his work

Working "After Hours"

STRANGERS who come to Washington, or people who think they know Washington from reading the newspapers, are apt to imagine that the President has little to do except shake hands with visitors in the morning and play lawn-tennis or ride in the afternoon. The President's days are so busy that he can seldom find time for important work during the day, and although occasionally he manages to dictate to Mr. Loeb in the morning, it is in the evening, after dinner, generally about nine o'clock, in the privacy of his study, with a stenographer for his sole companion, that he does his most important work. It is in this way that the bulk of the message has been dictated, for it should be said that Mr Roosevelt never writes a line by hand in the first instance and only uses his pen when he comes to correcting his manuscript. In this respect he differs from at least two of his predecessors. President Harrison used the stenographer freely for ordinary purposes, but preferred to write his most important state paper with his own hand, and Mr. Cleveland is one of the men who can use the pen trenchantly and effectively, and prefers the drudgery of manual composition to the help of the stenographer.

The White House clerical force is without exception the most highly organized and efficient in the country. Every man is a stenographer, every man is picked before he is appointed, and has to pass a pretty searching examination to convince Mr. Loeb that he is qualified to do the work required, and every man is not only able to take any dictation that may be given to him and accurately transcribe what he has taken, which is something not every stenographer can do, but he is also able to read the notes of every other member of the staff. Mr. Loeb or any of the stenographers after taking the President's dictation does not necessarily have to transcribe his own notes or to redictate them; they can be handed over to another man. When the copy of the dictation is made it is given to the President, who goes to work on his own composition as remorselessly as the copy-reader of a newspaper blue pencils the "story" of the cub reporter.

Mr. Roosevelt is not easily satisfied, and has the fondness common to literary men of revising and re-revising, of polishing and altering, of taking out a word here or putting in a word there so as to strengthen a passage or convey a thought more clearly, so that it not infrequently happens that one or more pages have to be copied three or four times before the President's critical judgment is satisfied.

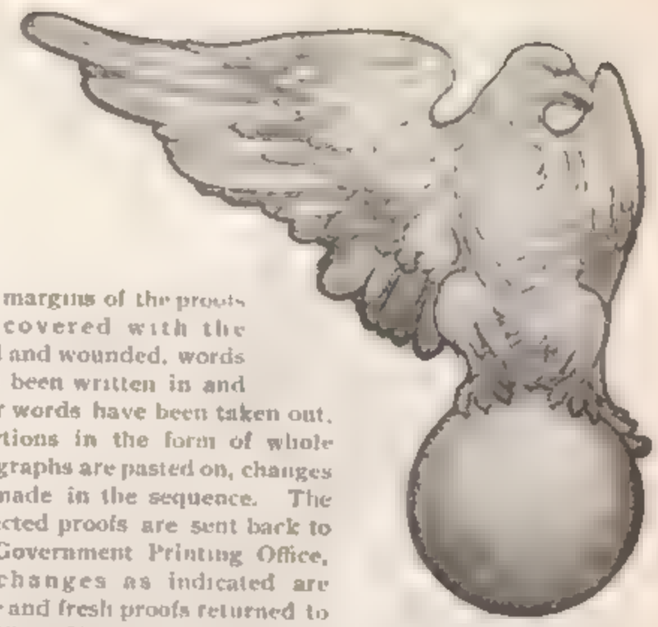
After the President has dictated the first draft of the message and he has it in typewritten sheets he submits that part of the message dealing with the work of a particular department to its representative in the Cabinet for discussion, criticism, suggestion or approval. An opinion prevails that whatever the President writes the Cabinet must approve, but as a matter of fact there is as much freedom of discussion and liberty of opinion between the President and his Cabinet as there is between equal partners in a great business house. The question at issue is thrashed out, the President sees the force of the suggestion, he seizes a pen, cuts out half a dozen lines, writes in a word or a sentence—and there is more work for the stenographers

The Cabinet's Part

WHEN the message begins to assume shape, when perhaps half of it has been written, extra copies are made for the use of the Cabinet so that they can be kept *au courant* of the general form the President's recommendations to Congress will take. Up to that time members of the Cabinet have seen only that part of the message relating to their own departments, so that it not infrequently happens that a Senator may have been consulted by the President about a particular topic, say the trust question, which, of course, he has also discussed with the Attorney-General, and the other members of the Cabinet have not been made acquainted with the details. But after the message is "in frame," so to speak, copies are furnished the Cabinet, and then the message is read to the Cabinet by the President

More than one reading is necessary, and the message as a whole or in parts may be read half a dozen times. Nearly every reading leads to some changes, sometimes merely verbal and at other times in form and substance, and after every change a copy of that particular portion that has been amended or modified is sent to the Cabinet for their approval. It is impossible to say how many times a message, or portions of it, is written and rewritten before it finally assumes the shape in which it is read by the public, but the process is long and laborious, and infinite pains are taken to see that in the end it shall convey the exact words and thoughts, the very shade of expression, that the President and Cabinet wish to lay before the country. When a substantial agreement has been reached the message, on large typewritten sheets, is sent to the Government Printing Office. The Government printer is held personally responsible for its safety and secrecy, and if there should be any leak, if a copy of the document should find its way into the hands of any unauthorized person, the Government printer would be looking for a new job. Only men on whom the Government printer can absolutely rely are allowed to handle the precious copy, and other and elaborate precautions are taken to prevent premature publication, but as they relate to the mechanical part of the work and not to the composition of the paper further details need not be given. As soon as the message is put in type, proofs are taken for the use of the President and the Cabinet, and the type is locked away in fireproof vaults, the combinations of which are known only to the Government printer and two or three of his trusted subordinates. The President and the Cabinet read the proofs to see how the written word looks through the medium of cold type, the White House force read the proofs for errors of fact or typography.

When the President and the Cabinet have finished with the proofs they look very much like the picture of a Manchurian battlefield after the two desperately struggling armies have been locked in a deadly embrace.



The margins of the proofs are covered with the dead and wounded, words have been written in and other words have been taken out, insertions in the form of whole paragraphs are pasted on, changes are made in the sequence. The corrected proofs are sent back to the Government Printing Office, the changes as indicated are made and fresh proofs returned to the White House; once more the message is read to the Cabinet, and at last that board of literary censors is satisfied, and Mr. Loeb is told to have the document printed. It has sometimes happened that after the President has regarded his work as finished something has happened to make alterations or additions imperative. This was the case last year. Between the time the President wrote that portion of the message relating to affairs on the Isthmus of Panama and the meeting of Congress, the revolution broke out, which necessitated an entirely different treatment of the subject Before the message leaves the White House to go to the printing office to appear in its completed form, Mr. Loeb has to put on the finishing touch Mr. Loeb writes in the "subheads," the titles that break up the paper into chapters and serve as indication to the eye, and when he has done this the final proof is taken. This is read as carefully as all the others, and nothing having happened in the mean while to make a change or correction necessary, the Government printer is given authority to print the message in pamphlet form. And then the President, the members of the Cabinet, Mr. Loeb and everybody else breathes a sigh of relief. The great work is done

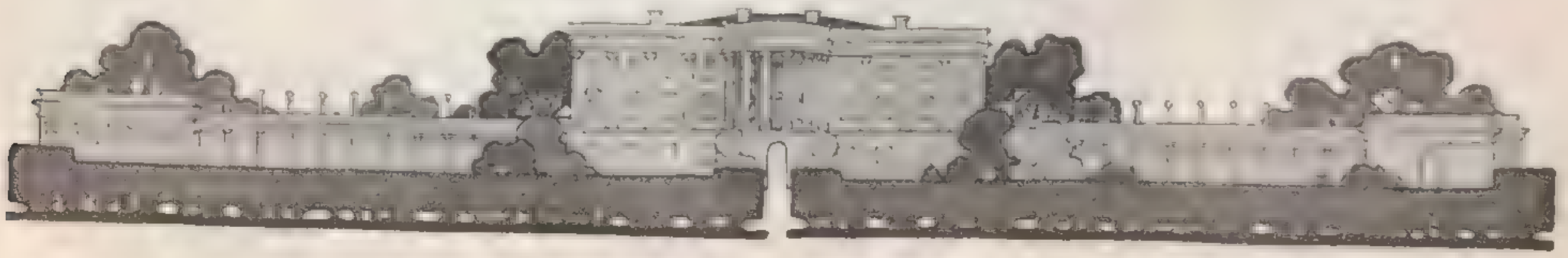
Mr. Loeb, however, has still another duty to perform. He must see that the message is sent to Congress and that copies are placed in the hands of newspapers for publication on the day it is read. About a week before the meeting of Congress Mr. Loeb sends for the managers in Washington of the three press associations and hands to them a sufficient number of copies for their use, which are given with the promise on their part that they will take every precaution to guard against premature publication. Attached to each copy of the message is the following notice printed in large type

CONFIDENTIAL

"To be held in confidence, and no portion, synopsis or intimation to be published or given out until its *reading* has been begun in Congress. While this message is dated, some contingency may arise to prevent its delivery to Congress on that date, and extreme care must therefore be exercised to avoid premature publication"

The press associations, for their self-protection, rigidly enforce this rule, and in case of its violation levy a heavy fine on the offending paper. Last year a newspaper in the South ignored the injunction, and as a punishment its franchise was revoked

Officially the country knows of the message not through the newspapers but by its being read in Congress. Assistant Secretary Barnes takes the official copies, one addressed to the President of the Senate and the other to the Speaker of the House, to the Capitol, where they are read in both Houses by their respective clerks, while Senators and members follow the reading from printed copies. Previous to President Roosevelt's Administration the official copies sent to Congress were laboriously written by hand, as the Senate is a stickler for tradition, and it refused to depart from the precedent laid down by the first President. But there have been a good many precedents broken during the last few years, and it was so utterly senseless for clerks to waste several days of valuable time copying with pen what could be so much better done mechanically, especially as the clerks read not from the longhand manuscript but from the printed text, that even the Senate was at last persuaded to sanction progress and put to sleep another musty tradition.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

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No Fear of Faults Disclosed

TO LISTEN to some of our stump speakers one would think that patriotism was a virtue not unlike that of the Scotchman who was eating asparagus for the first time. He chewed toilsomely away at the thick end. His friend said: "Wullum, t'other eend?" But "Wullum" held doggedly to the thick end, saying: "Mon, I prefair it!" Happily we are reduced to no such straits of valiant lying to justify our love and faith. We love our country so much and so intelligently that we long to know its faults and to correct them. We believe in it so profoundly that we fear no disclosures of flaw, but only concealment. And we honor it so highly that we shall never be content until it is the perfect instrument for the development of the human race. We have no need to be blind and prejudiced in our love and faith and honor.

Inherent Progress

SAMUEL ADAMS once wrote to John Adams that the love of freedom was "interwoven in the soul of man." And John, who as he grew older lost faith in the common people from whom he sprang, thought he had refuted Cousin Sam when he retorted: "So is it in the soul of a wolf."

But he had only shown how universal it is, how fundamental as a principle of progress. Than it there has been no greater force to aid the law of evolution. History swarms with instances of men and nations fallen though indifference to freedom. But where is there an instance of a single step backward through obedience to that divine instinct for self-government which Gladstone so eloquently summed up in the phrase, "Unhand me!"?

The Garden of Lies

ONCE again undeniably good people have attempted to banish Santa Claus from the church celebration of Christmas—this time the delegates to a Sunday-school convention in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Henceforth there is to be no jovial Saint in a red robe and peaked cap furred with white, with snowy beard, and bearing a pack of gifts on his back. Henceforth the time honored jest—"Know all men by these presents"—is to make no bid for laughter in Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania. Santa Claus is a lie—a heathen lie; and to those elders all lies are alike to be scouted and flouted and routed.

"What is truth?" jesting Pilate is said to have asked. In this case the elders of Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, would perhaps insist that it is not Santa Claus, but parents and friends, who give the gifts. But is it? For the givers themselves perhaps received the power to give from others, and they in turn from the same Power that bestows on all of us the sun and the rain, the fullness of human strength and the length of human days. And how represent this Power to the minds of children? In the Middle Ages, God was pictured in a beard not unlike that of Saint Nicholas—a lie, of course; but now that we have discarded it, have we any better way of making Him real to the children—even to ourselves? It is a strange world, and in it there are lies that enlighten as well as lies that deceive.

Does Santa Claus really deceive children, even the most credulous? We grown-ups are apt to delight in taking the gold brick for the gold. Children live in a world in which the fire-tongs by the chimney may become in a moment Cinderella, and the brass coal-scuttle her golden chariot. Almost all the time the rocking-horse is a prancing, fiery steed, and no teetering block of wood. Children are deceived because they delight in being deceived, and are never happier than when they can induce their elders to make real to them some beautiful lie.

There comes a moment, to be sure, when truth brings a pang; but it passes quickly in the pride of new knowledge. The memory of the first delight in Santa Claus lingers a lifetime, recalling the deep splendors of the illusioned world of childhood. Those who have loved Santa Claus, however cruelly undeceived, love to make their children love him. The world is the garden of lies; but, praise be to the saints and poets, some of the lies are beautiful!

Not a Power, but a Servant

GERMAN newspapers are always sighing because the Monroe Doctrine prevents Germany from acquiring the South American lands settled by German immigrants and so from becoming a "world power."

What a pitiful and perverted notion of the object of government this involves. Yet it is one that has not a few adherents in our own country, where there is no excuse for such ignorance. For we ought all to know that government is made for man, not man for government. According to our theory, and, let us hope, practice, government is not a power but a servant, an instrument to enable the common man to develop his faculties to their fullest. And the conditions under which those faculties can best develop are freedom and peace—neither of them consistent with the imperial notion.

How slowly the world develops! How hard it is for man to grasp the great, broad, high truths of democracy, mere common-sense though they are! How many men who ought to know better secretly share the benighted "patriotism" of the peasant who glories in the spendthrift splendor of the aristocracy that grinds him into the dust!

Justice, Not Alms

A YOUNG man from Harvard, put at the head of a great corporation, proceeded to try sundry schemes for uplifting the workingman. After a few years he abandoned them in disgust and left the "ungrateful" toiler to his fate. "They appreciate nothing one does for them," said he. "All they can think of is higher wages."

How sad! Instead of humbly thanking the young man for graciously bending to help them up to his level they put themselves on the lofty ground of American manhood and looked down at him and said: "Justice, not alms! Give us our due, and let us use it as we think best." No doubt these ingrates would prefer to the "Harvard plan" the plan of shrewd old John Rockefeller who has always paid a little above the market rate of wages and so has never had a strike or even a serious "kick."

Saved to be Wasted

IN NEW YORK they are calculating how much the new subterranean system of swift transit is prolonging the lives of the millions who use it. The figures are amazing, the figures for the totals of all the time savings through all our modern machines would be overwhelming. And still we are not all comfortable and happy. The modern man of forty has distanced Methuselah with his 969 years. The modern youth starts life with all the past as his equipment. Yet the most of us waste with lavish hand the enormous treasure-chests of saved time which science bestows.

A great many brains are puzzling over the problem of how to utilize the vast energies in the currents of air and the rise and fall of tides and waves. But how much vaster is this problem of turning to use the infinite energies of the science-equipped man!

No one ever got any pleasure out of wasting money. As soon as the pleasure begins the waste stops. And the same thing is true of time.

The Power of Association

A LITTLE boy fell into the habit of setting up a fearful howling whenever a banana-cart came into the neighborhood, and would not be calm until his mother had bought him bananas. A little girl who lived next door watched this performance until she had reasoned it out. When the banana-cart again appeared she burst into a shrieking which made the clamor of the boy seem in comparison a polite and demure appeal. The mother of the little girl promptly withdrew with her to a secluded room and gave her the one spanking of her life. "When you see a banana-cart again, my precious," the mother said in conclusion, "don't think how much you want a banana, but how little you want a spanking."

The power of association of ideas is one of the great moral faculties—if rightly cultivated.

Literature in Little

THE recent interchange of signals between the Russian Baltic fleet in the Mediterranean and the English squadron hovering near illustrates again how men of all kinds become masters of speech in a tight place. Napoleon, addressing his army in the shadow of the pyramids, said: "Forty centuries look down on you!" Could any phrase be better calculated to rouse the heart of the theatric Frenchman? Nelson's famous signal was as full of the spirit of his nation and the hour: "England expects every man to do his duty!" Glory and duty! Two words paint the opposing moods of two great nations.

The sculptor Saint Gaudens, when planning his statue of Logan, read his subject's political speeches in vain for a revelation of the man, finding only the flowery bombast of the illiterate backwoods partisan. But an anecdote told by an old soldier gave him the full stature of the man. In the face of a tremendous Confederate cavalry charge the boys in blue were wavering and turning to run. Logan snatched a flag and rode out in front, shouting: "Them fellers in gray is ridin' to their graves!" That sentence changed the fortunes of the day, and the spirit of it lives in bronze of enduring spirit and beauty on the lake front in Chicago.

The late Anglo-Russian incident was of less heroic proportions, but none the less apt and characteristic. Admiral Rojestvensky ran up flags that said: "If you do not keep off we will fire." The British Admiral, still thinking, no doubt, of his dead countrymen in the North Sea, promptly answered: "Fire away!" There was levity in this, as was not unfitting to the occasion. But there was also something grim. We have all reason to be glad that the Russians' bluff was called—and most of all, perhaps, the Russians.

A New Deal in Politics

THERE is going to be some extremely interesting politics in this country in the next four years. Each wing of the Democratic party has had its turn now, and each has proved that it cannot succeed without the other. In 1896 and 1900 the radicals tried to win without the conservatives, and failed. In 1904 the conservatives have failed to win without the radicals. What next?

American political history has shown that when a dominant party has destroyed all effective organized opposition there is likely to be a general shuffle and a new deal. So it was after 1820, when Monroe's almost unanimous second election was followed by the break-up of the too-successful Jeffersonian party and a contest among four Republican candidates at the next election. It was so after 1852, when Pierce's overpowering triumph led to the disappearance of the Whigs and the creation of the new Republican party. The Greeley rout of 1872 brought a revulsion of feeling that gave new life to the paralyzed Democracy.

To-day the signs of political readjustment are in the air. They are not confined to any one party—they cover the whole field of politics. Bryan and Cleveland were no more incongruous as members of the same party in 1892 than LaFollette and Spooner are in 1904. There is a great body of Republicans who really belong on the Democratic side, and a smaller, but still large, number of Democrats who ought to be Republicans. Party names no longer correspond to real things. An English visitor who was recently writing a profound essay on American politics for one of his home reviews turned helplessly to an American friend and asked: "What is the difference between the Republican and Democratic parties?" The informant could not tell, and the article had to go into print without that important information. There is good reason to believe that observers of the campaign of 1908 will not be confronted by any such difficulty.

The Craze for Health

THIS new excitement and enthusiasm over health is often spoken of as a fad—like angel sleeves and roller-skating and pigs-in-clover—something that is sweeping through the country to blow out to the sea of oblivion and be heard of no more. But is it?

Science has made life vastly more comfortable than it used to be. It has opened up infinitely greater possibilities of greater comfort. And it is teaching men and women how they can live long in the strength and beauty and joy of health. Is not the so-called fad merely another and very impressive instance of human shrewdness and swiftness in seizing upon a "good thing"?

When artificial lighting was invented it at once became a fad—and has remained a fad steadily ever since. The craze for betterment is one that will die only with the race.

A TRAVESTY OF JUSTICE

The Story of Fifteen Lost Years

By Florence Elizabeth Maybrick

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MRS. MAYBRICK'S MOTHER
THE BARONESS VON ROQUES

FOR a considerable period I was given work in the officers' mess. Their quarters are in a detached building within the prison precincts, and are reached by crossing a small grass plot which separates it from the prison. Each officer has a small bedroom in which she sleeps and passes her time when off duty. All meals are served in the messroom, and consist of breakfast at seven o'clock, lunch on turn between nine and eleven, dinner at twelve-thirty, tea at five, and supper whenever they are off duty. The cooking is excellent and varied. A matron is in charge of the commissary department, and has four prisoners of the "Star Class" working under her. I did scullery work, which consisted of washing up all the crockery, glass, knives, forks and spoons used at these five meals, besides all the pots and pans required in their preparation. As a staff of twenty-five sat down to these five meals daily, the work was very hard and quite beyond my strength. The "Star Class" of workers should not be kept at it more than six months at a time. Some of the life women have been in the kitchen and messroom as long as three and four years, and as neither the culinary arrangements nor the ventilation are modern, the consequent physical and mental depression arising from these defects and the monotony of the work is only too apparent.

I was not feeling well at the time, and soon after I had a long illness—a nervous breakdown, due partly to insomnia and partly to the unrelieved strain and stress of ten years of hard labor. My recovery was very slow. I was in the infirmary about eighteen months, and I was glad when I was discharged, as the intervals between my letters and visits were shorter when I was in discipline quarters and could earn more marks. During the long years of my imprisonment I learned many lessons I needed, perhaps, to have learned during my earlier life; but thank God I was no criminal! I was being punished for that of which I was innocent. I believe it is God's task to judge, and ours to endure; but I could not understand what His plans and His purposes were. I believed they were good although I could not see how eternity itself could make up for my sufferings. Perhaps they were intended to work out some good to others, by ways I should never know, until I saw with the clear eyes of another world. Still, the external conditions of life acted on my body and mind, and I scarcely knew at times how to bear them. I could not have borne them without God's sustaining grace. I used often to repeat these lines:

> With patience, then, the course of duty run
> God never does nor suffers to be done
> But that which you would do if you could see
> The end of all events as well as He.

When I recovered, by medical order I was given lighter employment and went into the library. I was now the only prisoner in the building who had suffered under the hardships of the old system at Woking Prison, all the rest of those who came with me having returned to the world. In fact I was the only one who had served over ten years.

My task in the library was to assist the schoolmistress and to change the library books twice a week. They were carried from cell to cell, and this represented the handling of over 250 books. In addition to this I had to be "literary nurse," whose duties were to attend to worn-out books, binding up their wounds and prolonging their days of usefulness; doing cataloguing and entry work; to print the name of each prisoner on a card placed over her cell door; to copy hymns, and to make scrapbooks for the illiterate prisoners, besides other miscellaneous duties.

The library was a very good one, and contained not only the latest novels, but philosophical works and books for study; also a limited number of French and German books. To these were added religious works, especially poetry, and sermons for Sunday reading. I found a choice collection to help me support the Sabbath day, for the suspended animation makes a day of misery of the seventh. One could not read all day without tiring, and the absence of week-day work usually made it a day of heavy, creeping depression. There are two periods of exercise, and chapel morning and afternoon. The remainder of the time the prisoners are locked in their cells. Reading was my only solace; from first to last I read every moment that I could call my own. The best index of the quality of the books was that every volume was read or examined by the chaplain and his staff before being admitted to the library. If they contained any articles on prison life, or matters relating to prisoners, they were always carefully cut out.

From my observations I consider that prison schoolmasters and schoolmistresses are overburdened with miscellaneous and incompatible duties. No one needs to be told that the average prisoner is a slow learner, and that even a dull boy or girl is a better pupil than a grown man or woman plodding along in the first steps of knowledge, and being taught, not in a class but in a cell. Yet the schoolmaster or schoolmistress has to devote hours daily to teaching, to help in letter-writing, in the office work, in the distribution of library books, in the library work; and now that their number is likewise reduced on the ground of expense the pressure of their work is out of all proportion to the hours within which it can be reasonably performed.

I have always been fond of reading, and during my leisure hours I got through a large number of books. This was between noon and half-past one, and seven and eight in the evening, when my light had to be put out.

The rules forbid that any public news be conveyed to the prisoners, either at visits or by letters. This seems to be a very short-sighted view to take of the matter. To allow newspapers in the prison might, of course, lead to cipher communications to prisoners from their friends; but no harm can possibly come of allowing information regarding public affairs of national interest to be conveyed through the legitimate channels of letters and visits. It would give the prisoners fresh food for thought, and tend greatly to relieve that vacuity of mind which is the outcome of lack of knowledge of external things, and of the monotony of their lives; it would also make a pause in their broodings over their cases, which is the sole subject of their thoughts and conversations when permitted to converse at all.

The lowering of the prison flag told us of the death of Queen Victoria, although we had heard several days before that she was sinking. When King Edward was dangerously ill it was talked of among the officers, and the prisoners through me, asked that special prayers might be said in the chapel.

When Mafeking was relieved, and when peace was signed with the Boers, flags were hoisted. Coronation and Jubilee days were the only occasions I remember when we had any relaxation of prison rules, and then there was much disappointment. In lieu of a mitigation of our sentences, as was the case in India, they gave us extra meat and plum pudding.

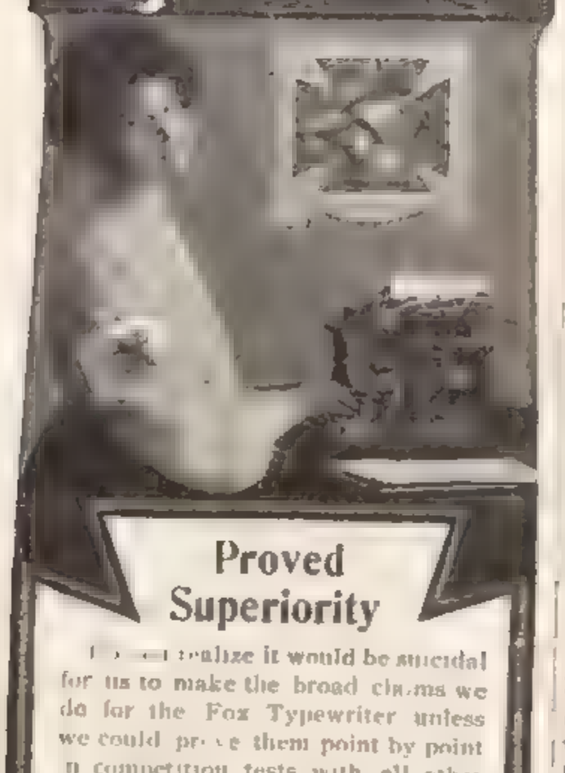
I had been incarcerated for a few years before I found out that it was usual in the case of a life convict who has earned good marks to have her sentence brought up for consideration after she has served fifteen years. A life sentence usually means twenty years, and four months is taken off each year as a reward for good conduct. In February, 1903, I was definitely informed that my case would follow the ordinary course. I then made an application to the Home Secretary that the date of my release might be made known by my attorneys, in order that my interests in certain litigation then pending in the United States might be protected. The Secretary of State wrote in reply that he had no objection to my lawyer's informing the court that my case would be considered with a view to my release when I had served fifteen years. I have been accused of obtaining my release by "trickery," but these facts speak for themselves.

The impression has also been given by the press that great leniency was shown in my case, and that through the intervention of friends the Home Office released me before the expiration of my sentence. No exceptional leniency whatever was shown in my case. Under the Penal Servitude Act a woman prisoner, by good conduct, can reduce her sentence four months yearly. It therefore depends upon herself whether she is released at an earlier period or serves the full term of her sentence. By an unbroken record of good conduct I reduced my life sentence, which is twenty years, to fifteen years; this expired on the twenty fifth of July, 1904.

MRS. MAYBRICK ABOUT TO SET FOOT IN AMERICA FOR THE FIRST TIME IN OVER FIFTEEN YEARS

As a giant refreshed by sleep, the prison awakens to life, and the voices of officers, the clang of doors, the ringing of bells echo throughout the halls. What does it portend? Is it the arrival of some distinguished visitor from the Home Office? Then I hear the sound of approaching footsteps, as they come nearer and nearer and then stop at my cell door. The governor ushers in three gentlemen, one tall and dark and handsome, but with a stern face; another short, with a white beard and blue eyes which looked at me somewhat coldly; of the third I have no distinct recollection. The tall gentleman conversed pleasantly for several minutes about

THE Fox TYPEWRITER



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my work and myself the impression that I was under close inspection. I did not know at the time who these visitors were, but learned later that the gentleman who spoke to me was the Secretary of State, Sir Matthew White-Ridley; one of his companions was Sir Probyn Digby and the other Sir Evelyn Ruggles-Brise, the chairman of the Prison Committee, who takes a really humane interest in the welfare of the convicts.

One morning a week later, I was summoned to appear before the governor. It is an ordeal to be dreaded by any one who has broken the rules, but I knew I had not, and therefore concluded that I was wanted in connection with my work. When I entered the office he looked up with a kindly smile which was also reflected in the face of the chief matron. My attention was arrested. I stood silently waiting for him to speak. After searching among some papers on the table he picked up one and read something to the following effect: "The prisoner, P 29, Florence E. Maybrick, is to be informed that the Secretary of State has decided to grant her discharge from prison when she has completed fifteen years of her sentence, conditional upon her conduct."

For a moment I failed to grasp the full meaning of these words, but when I did—how shall I describe the mingled feelings of joy and thankfulness, of relief and hope, with which I was overwhelmed! I returned to my cell dazed by the unexpected message for which for so many long, weary years I had prayed and hoped. How anxiously I waited for those last few months to pass! At this time I was much distressed by a communication sent by Michael Maybrick, the solicitor in regard to my children.

During the five years of my imprisonment I received my children's photographs once a year; also several friendly letters from Mr Thomas Maybrick with information about them. But as time passed on these ceased altogether. When I could endure the silence no longer I instructed Mr. R. S. Cleaver, of Liverpool—who had been the solicitor in my case, and to whose unwavering faith and kindness I owe a debt I can never hope to repay—to write to Mr. Michael Maybrick to forward fresh photographs of my boy and girl. To this request Mr. Thomas Maybrick replied that Mr. Michael Maybrick refused to permit it. When the matter was further urged Mr. Michael Maybrick himself wrote to the governor to inform me that my son, who had been made acquainted with the history of the case, did not wish either his own or his sister's photographs to be sent to me.

The innocents—my children—one a baby of three years, the other a boy of seven, I had left behind in the world. I know nothing about them. When the pathos of all this reaches the reader's heart he will realize the [illegible]

I am hoping that when they arrive at years of maturity they will be moved to investigate for themselves the facts of my unfair trial and unjust conviction—the mockery of justice from which I have suffered.

The Release

It was Christmas Eve of 1903. I had helped to decorate the chapel with evergreens, which is the only way in which the greatest festival of the church's year is kept in prison. There is no rejoicing allowed prisoners; no festival meal of roast beef and plum pudding, only the usual prison diet; and the sad memories of happier days are emphasized by our bare cells with their maximum of cleanliness and minimum of comfort. But to me it was the last Christmas in that "house of sorrow," and my heart felt the dawning of a brighter day. Only four weeks more and I would have passed out of its grim gates forever. How I counted these days.

On Saturday, the twenty-third of January, my mother visited me at Aylesbury Prison for the last time. How many weary and sad hours we had passed in that visiting-room! Our hearts were too full for much conversation, and it was with broken voices that we discussed the arrangements made for my departure on the following Monday.

The last Sunday I spent in prison I felt like one in a dream. I could not realize that to-morrow, the glad to-morrow, would bring with it freedom and life. In the evening I was sent for to say "Good-by" to the governor. No one, excepting the chief matron and the matron who was to be my escort to Truro, was aware of the hour or the day of my departure from Aylesbury. Not a word had been said to the other prisoners. I should like to have said farewell to [illegible] the officers whom I had known for fourteen years (for several had come with us from Woking

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Prison); but I thought it best to pass into my new life as quietly as possible. At my earnest request the Home Office consented to allow my place of destination to be kept a secret. I felt that I should derive more benefit from the change of my environment and association with others if my identity and place of retreat were not known to the public.

On Monday, the twenty-fifth of January, I was awakened early, and after laying aside, for the last time, the garments of shame and disgrace, I was clothed once more in those that represent civilization and respectability. I descended to the court below, and, accompanied by the chief matron and my escort, passed silently through the great gates and out of the prison. At half past six a cab drove quietly up and the matron and I silently stepped in and were driven away to the Aylesbury Station. On our arrival in London we proceeded at once to Paddington Station. The noise and the crowds of people everywhere bewildered me.

After an uneventful journey we arrived at Truro at six P. M. and drove at once to the Home of the Community of the Epiphany, where I stayed during the remainder of my term of six months. I am told that some comment has been made on the fact that the Home was a religious one, and that I ought to have been sent to a secular one instead. I went there entirely of my own desire. On our arrival there I bade a last farewell to my kind companion—one of the sweetest women it has been my privilege to meet. The Mother Superior, who had visited me three months previously at Aylesbury Prison, received me tenderly, and at once conducted me to my room. How pure and chaste everything looked after the cold, bare walls of my prison cell! How the restful quiet soothed my jarred and weakened nerves, and, above all, what comforting balm the dear Mother Superior and the sweet sisters poured into the wounds of my riven soul!

I look back upon the six months spent within those sacred walls as the most peaceful and the happiest—in the true sense—of my life. The life there is so calm, so holy and yet so cheerful that one becomes infected, and the sad thoughts flee away, the drooping hands are once more uplifted and the heart strengthened to perform the work that a loving God has ordained.

I left Truro on the twentieth of July a free woman—with a ticket-of-leave, it is true, but as I am exempt even from police supervision in England, I have no need to consider it in America or elsewhere.

By the courtesy of the American Ambassador, the Honorable Joseph Choate, I was provided with an escort to accompany me and my companion from Truro to Rouen, France.

The Honorable John Hay, Secretary of State, Washington; the Honorable Joseph Choate, Mr. Henry White, Chargé d'Affaires, and Mr. Carter, Secretary of Embassy, at London, have always been most earnest in my cause. I deeply appreciate their untiring efforts in my behalf.

After staying with my mother for three weeks, on the advice of my counselors, Messrs. Hayden & Yarrell, of Washington, District of Columbia, I decided to return to America with Mr. S. V. Hayden and his charming wife. I longed to be once more with my own people, and it was only physical weakness and nervous prostration that prevented me from doing so immediately upon my release. I met these good friends at Antwerp, Belgium, and sailed from there on the Red Star Line Steamship Vaderland for New York. My name was entered on the passenger list as Rose Ingraham, that I might secure more quiet and privacy; but when we were a few days out the fact of my identity became known, and with few exceptions the greatest courtesy, consideration and delicacy were shown in the demeanor of the passengers toward me. If any of these should read these lines I would herewith express to them my grateful thanks and appreciation; while toward the captain and officers of the Vaderland I feel especially indebted for their unwearied courtesy and consideration.

When I first caught sight of the Statue of Liberty, I, perhaps more than any one on board, realized the full meaning of that word liberty, and I felt my heart stirred to its depths at the memory of what all my countrymen and countrywomen had done for me during those dark days.

We arrived at New York on the twenty-third of August. It was a "red-letter" day. Once more, after long years of suffering and after I had despaired of ever seeing the beloved faces of my many friends again, my feet pressed the sacred soil of my native land.

THE END

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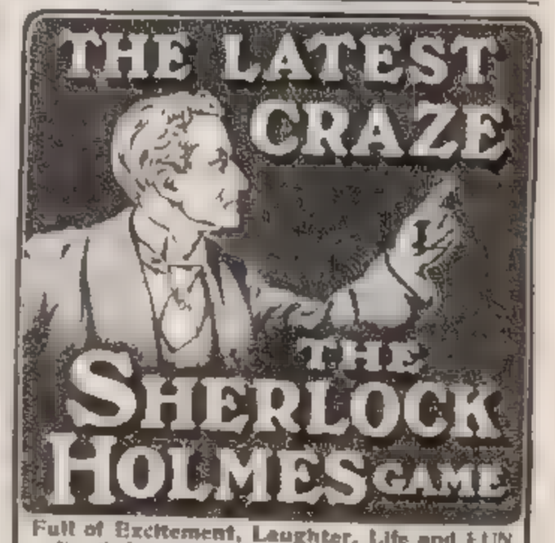

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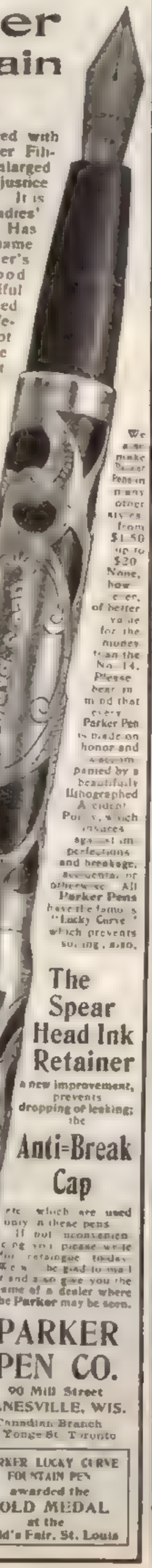

The barrel is covered with heavy Sterling Silver Filigree work. The enlarged cut does but scant justice to this beautiful pen. It is supplied in either ladies' or gentlemen's size. Has a place reserved on name plate to engrave owner's name. It is good enough and beautiful enough to be carried and used for a lifetime. You could not hit upon any article of similar price that would call forth such exclamations as *"Oh, how perfectly beautiful!" "Did you ever see anything as exquisite?" etc.*

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I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter
If you crowd me in the street cars till I couldn't well be flatter:
I'm only a consumer, and the strikers may go striking,
For it's mine to end my living if it isn't to my liking.
I am a sort of parasite without a special mission
Except to pay the damages — mine is a queer position:
The Fates unite to squeeze me till I couldn't well be flatter,
For I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter.

The baker tilts the price of bread upon the vaguest rumor
Of damage to the wheat crop, but I'm only a consumer,
So it really doesn't matter, for there's no law that compels me
To pay the added charges on the loaf of bread he sells me.
The iceman leaves a smaller piece when days are growing hotter,
But I'm only a consumer, and I do not need iced water:
My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good humor,
And it really doesn't matter, for I'm only a consumer.

The milkman waters milk for me; there's garlic in my butter,
But I'm only a consumer, and it does no good to mutter
I know that coal is going up and beef is getting higher,
But I'm only a consumer, and I have no need of fire:
While beefsteak is a luxury that wealth alone is needing,
I'm only a consumer, and what need have I for feeding?
My business is to pay the bills and keep in a good humor,
And it really doesn't matter, since I'm only a consumer.

The grocer sells me addled eggs; the tailor sells me shoddy
I'm only a consumer, and I am not anybody
The cobbler pegs me paper soles, the dairyman short-weights me,
I'm only a consumer, and most everybody hates me
There's turnip in my pumpkin pie and ashes in my pepper,
The world's my lazaretto, and I'm nothing but a leper;
So lay me in my lonely grave and tread the turf down flatter,
I'm only a consumer, and it really doesn't matter

—*J. W. Foley.*

A Fitting Sentiment

John Jones possessed a most distressing wife;
She scolded him at morning, noon and night.
His days were filled with trouble and with strife,
And sorrow rested on him like a blight.
But when from care poor henpecked John had gone
The neighbors thought the widow clever when
She set him up a stone and put thereon:
"Repose in peace — until we meet again."

Something Out of Joint

When Justwed reached his "cozy," wifey met him in the hall
And sobbed: "There's something witched the bread: it will not bake at all!
I followed the directions, and although I got the right
Amount of baking-powder in, it doesn't bake a mite!"

The Ways of Words

Dot's mother said to her, "My dear, you should not say, 'I guess,'
But say 'presume.'" That very day Dot wore a nice, new dress:
"I'd like a pattern," said a friend, and then the child to whom
She spoke replied: "We haven't one; we cut it by presume."

—*Nixon Waterman*

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This is a strikingly original game — full of fun — quickly learned. Our directions tell just how to play it. Each pack contains **107 highly enameled cards** and **125 counters.** The cards spell the names of different commodities, such as eggs, coal, soap, lace, etc., but bargain sales, bills, checks, etc., together with the disastrous Financial Panic, and the ruinous **"Fire,"** lose all, make the game anything but a spelling bee.

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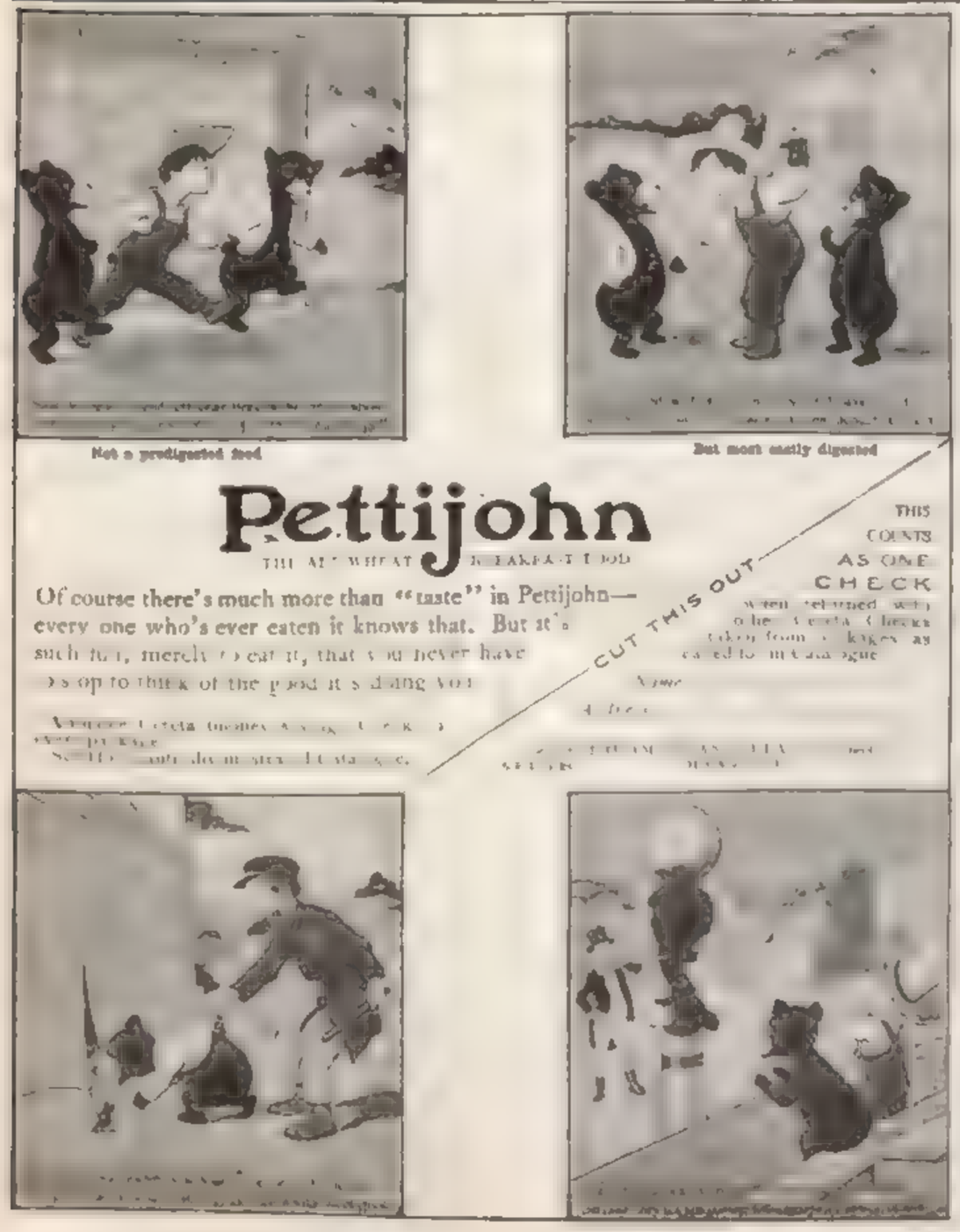
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Literary Folk Their Ways and Their Work

CHAUCER IN HOLIDAY DRESS—An attempt in modern English prose to overcome the barrier of obsolete speech

¶ There is, of course, but one way to read a poet—in the original. Whoever has read Dante in English, or Hamlet in French, does not need to be told why. None the less, translations are a serviceable thing, and the world would be the poorer without them. Perhaps a new rendering of Chaucer in his native tongue may not in any prim, particular sense be called a translation; perhaps an illustration will serve better than a definition. Mr. Percy Mackaye, in his modern rendering into prose of the Prologue and ten of the Tales (*Fox, Duffield & Co.*), is doing something the same for Chaucer that Lamb did for Shakespeare. "The barrier of obsolete speech," writes Mr. Mackaye, "is the occasion and the apology for this rendering.

Whether this barrier be real, or but generally assumed, matters little, for the assumption itself is obstructive. . . . To present, therefore, a representative portion of Chaucer's unfinished masterpiece in such form as shall best preserve for a modern reader the substance and style of the original is the chief aim of this book."

All this is true: the assumption is general and the barrier is real. Others have felt it before. In their several turns Dryden, Pope, Leigh Hunt, Elizabeth Barrett and Wordsworth all turned a hand to modernizing Chaucer. The present attempt differs from its predecessors and brings us back to Lamb again—obviously, in that the medium chosen is prose, more intimately, in that the effort is not to interpose between the author and his reader a substitute, but rather, as did Lamb hope, to stimulate interest unto a knowledge of and love for the original. With this in mind textual literalness has been always set before any striving to do a little better than Chaucer, and Chaucer's own words are put down as nearly in his own idiom as they can be made to fit ours. For an instance in point, take Mr. Mackaye's rendering of the gracious Prioress of the Prologue: "There was eke a nun, a Prioress, that was of her smiling full simple and quiet Her greatest oath was but by St. Loy

Full well she sang divine service, full seemly intoned in her nose. And French she spoke fair and prettily after the School of Stratford atte Bow, for to her French of Paris was unknown. At meat she was well taught, she let no morsel fall from her lips, nor wet her fingers deep in her sauce. She could carry well a morsel, and take good heed that no drop fell on her breast. Full much she took pleasure in good breeding." One must agree that this conserves very well the flavor of quaintness and simplicity in Chaucer, follows the original with remarkable fidelity, and nowhere offends with perverse archaisms or even more jarring modernisms. Furthermore, it is a representative selection

It remains to express the gratitude that many others will have the wish but not the fortune to make public for the charmingly affectionate and reminiscent sonnet printed on the dedication page to the memory of Professor Francis James Child. Quite apart from the personal appeal the picture has for those to whom it is addressed, the lines merit more publicity than they are likely to find, tucked away between a title-page and a preface Here they are

[illegible]
[illegible] musings long on elvish lore—
He clutched his satchel at the classroom door
And shot the quick "Good-morning, gentlemen,"
From under the bronze curls, and entered. Then
For us that hour of quaint illusion wore
Such spell as when, beside the Breton shore,
The wizard clerk astounded Dorigen
For we beheld the [illegible] and twenty-mile
[illegible] ess pilgrimage,
[illegible] cook and [illegible] host
Living and loving—the enchanted [illegible]
Whilst, half apart, there murmured side by side
The master-poet and the scholar-mage

If those fourteen lines are not there fused into that rare and matchless thing, a true sonnet, the reason is no virtue in enthusiasm and no hope in poesy

If this be error and upon me proved
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they have been reproduced, though it seems a pity that a better feeling of unity could not have been preserved between the color pages and the letterpress pages. Is it a quibble to point out that Mr. Clark falls into the old illustrator's error of not reading his text? Readers who remember the miller's red beard, "as broad as a spade," will be astonished to see that he has shaved since Chaucer knew him. T. S. H.

THE HISTORIAN'S HISTORY OF THE WORLD—A compilation from the authorities of all times and tongues.

¶ It was Justin Winsor who, in the Narrative and Critical History of America, first made us widely familiar with the idea earlier put in service by weighty Germans, of dividing the field to be covered into separate allotments each assigned to some recognized specialist in his own subject. The result is accurate and authoritative, but inevitably accompanied by the defects of any literary work not the product of one brain—loss in unity of design, loss of proportion and style. Such a work immediately falls into the encyclopædic class—useful as a work of reference but jumbled and confusing for consecutive reading.

The Historians' History of the World (*The Outlook Company*) differs slightly in [illegible] from the Narrative and Critical History, but is directly of the same descent. The editor-in-chief, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, aided by the services of eminent scholars in the universities of the United States, England, Germany and France, has evolved the plan of quoting at length from the standard authorities on any given period of history, and by supplementing, harmonizing and editing the different texts has contrived to weld the whole into a continuous and intelligent narrative. Thus, for English history the narrative is woven from Macaulay, Freeman, Green, Froude, Gardiner, Stubbs, Hume, Lingard and Knight among the modern classics, and from such old chroniclers as Holinshed, Froissart, William of Malmesbury, Bacon and Sir Thomas More among their elder brethren. A superior letter in the corner of the page refers the reader to an index to learn of the author quoted.

Nineteen volumes have so far been issued, and the publishers intend to bring out twenty-five in all, of which the last will be given over entirely to the index, to contain some 250,000 entries. Two-thirds of the work is translated from the foreign and dead languages. Thus, the history of Babylonia contains a complete translation of the Code of Khammurabi. For Greece, Herodotus describes Thermopylæ, Marathon and Salamis, while Thucydides is drawn on for the account of the Peloponnesian War. In addition to the translation of such well-known classics, a vast amount of research and collation has been laboriously worked through in the great libraries and manuscript collections of England and the Continent. Every history is preceded by a chronology and followed by a list of authorities quoted and a complete bibliography. The date of the period described is printed at the head of the page. The work is copiously illustrated.

¶ **MINOR MENTION:** Among the host of those little books with clever text and cleverer pictures which form a sort of cement between the heavier volumes on the reviewer's table at Christmastide are Misrepresentative Men and The Fusser's Book (*Fox, Duffield & Co.*). The former is by Harry Graham, better known as Colonel Streamer, of the Ruthless Rhymes for Heartless Homes. To an accompaniment by F. Strothman of illustrations à la Peter Newell the [illegible] Colonel sings, in merry verse, the praises of about a dozen celebrated persons from Adam to Ananias and from Sir Thomas Lipton to President Roosevelt—and there is no invidious intent in the juxtaposition, either. Thus one reads of Adam:

A simple child of nature he,
Whose life was primitive and rude:
His wants were few, his manners free,
All kinds of clothing he eschewed—
He [illegible]
In what is called "the Altogether!"

¶ **In the Fusser's Book**—which is a series of sensibly ridiculous rules for young beaux, by Anna Archibald and Georgina Jones, with pleasant pictures by Pauline Wayne—one finds many maxims as wise as this one:

Step carefully [illegible] Remember when you put your foot through a lady's $250 gown that her sweet smile is all composed of courage. . . . Learn to gaze earnestly into your partner's eyes at the same time that you steal furtive glances toward the corner of the [illegible] just as that [illegible]

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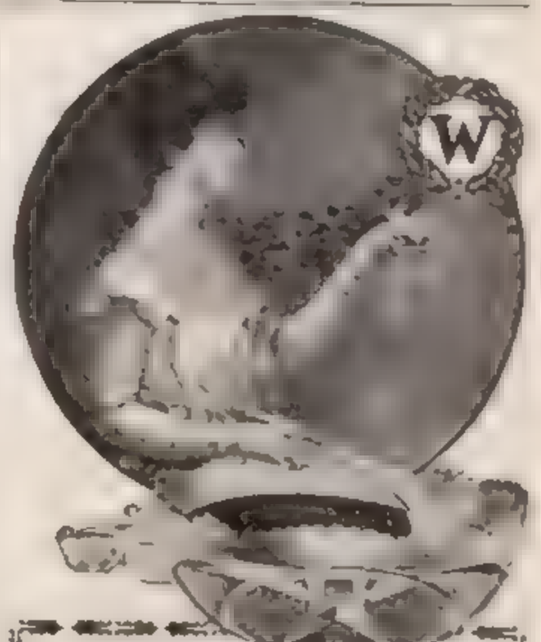

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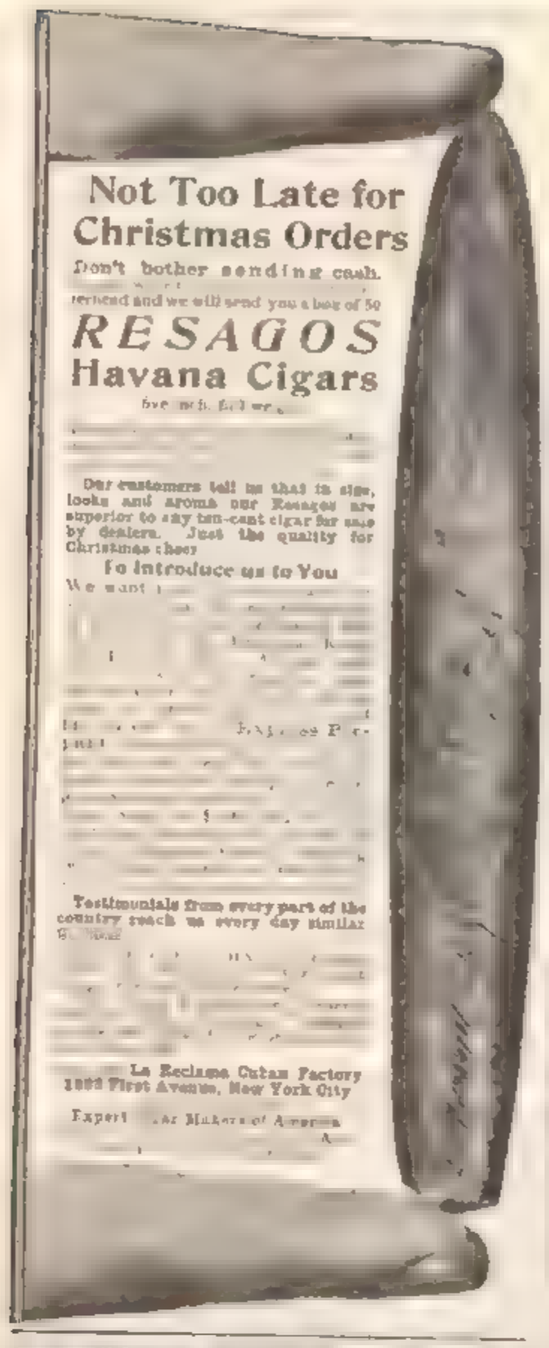
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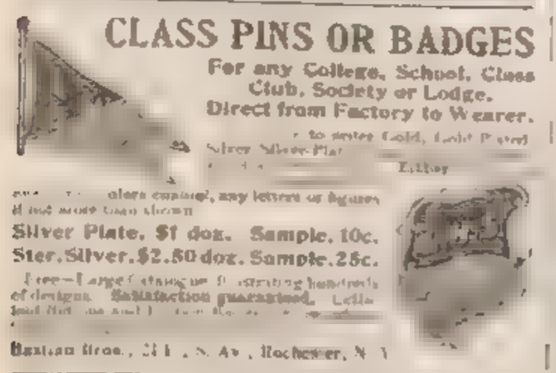
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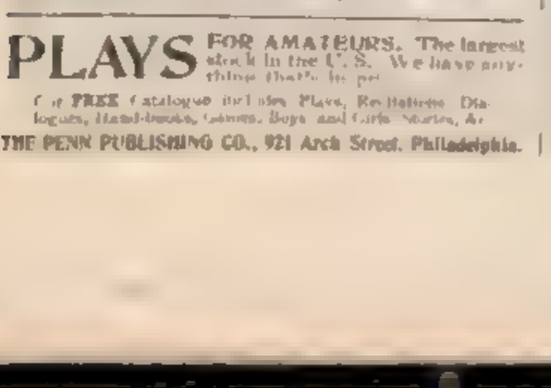
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In Quest of a Golden Fleece

BY RENÉ BACHE

MORE than ordinary interest attaches to an experiment which has for its object the introduction into this country of the alpaca — that South American animal of the camel tribe which bears the most highly prized of all fleeces, surpassing even m[illegible] in beauty and [illegible] about a million pounds of this wool is imported into the United States annually, for use chiefly in weaving dress goods for women and coat linings for men. The [illegible] that produce it browse on the slopes of the mountains in Peru and Bolivia, in an arid region similar in climate to much of the territory that lies between the Rockies and the Sierras. Apparently there is no reason why they should not thrive over wide areas in the United States which now yield nothing more profitable than mountain lions.

There are in South America four animals of the camel family — the alpaca, the vicuña, the guanaco and the llama. The llama is [illegible] of them, while the vicuña, which is the smallest [illegible] much larger than a sheep [illegible] the alpaca is the most important species; its flesh is good to [illegible] and its fleece, which is lustrous and very [illegible] in annual "clip" of seven to ten pounds [illegible] to twelve pounds. If unclipped for several years the wool attains a length of twenty-five to thirty inches, and it is worth fifty-seven cents a pound, or five cents more than mohair. The best merino wool is quoted at only fifteen cents a pound. Obviously it would be a great advantage if the producer of this golden fleece could be successfully domesticated and bred in this country.

With a view to that end a company has been formed in Colorado, calling itself the United States Alpaca Breeders' Association, which proposes to [illegible] sixty-four of the animals from Peru this spring, and to establish them on a ranch not far from Grand Junction, Colorado — a tract comprising about 30,000 acres "under fence," and rising irregularly from the Gunnison River to the top of Piñon Mesa, a spur of the Uncompahgre Plateau, 9000 feet above the sea. This land has been offered by its owners free of charge for the experiment, the estimated cost of which is $9000 — half of the money to be spent for the purchase and transportation of the alpacas, and the other half for taking care of them after they arrive.

Alpacas are remarkably [illegible] beasts, thriving where cattle [illegible] hardly exist. In Peru and Bolivia they wander in herds, in a semi-domesticated state, over the slopes of the Andes and the Coast Range, in summer sometimes reaching an elevation of over three miles. They feed on coarse grass and herbage, for the consumption of which the peculiar construction of their mouths and stomachs adapts them, while their long necks, cleft lips, pointed noses and extensible tongues aid in the collection of food from interstices of rocks and from tall shrubbery.

Alpacas have two-toed [illegible], like the camel, and similar teeth, with a peculiar build which enables them to travel over rough mountainous country that would be impassable to most hoofed creatures. There does not seem to be any difficulty about crossing the South American species of the camel tribe with each other, and the hybrids are bigger and have longer and finer wool, but they are mules. In early spring, in Peru and Bolivia, the alpacas are driven from the hills to the shearing pens, but a month from now the herds will be browsing in the valleys, and that will be the most convenient season to purchase and import the requisite specimens.

The chief promoter of this interesting enterprise is Mr. Richard H. Sullivan, of Grand Junction, Colorado, to whom the writer is chiefly indebted for his information. He says that several years must necessarily elapse before the experiment can be declared a success. It remains to be ascertained how readily the alpacas will become acclimated, and how satisfactorily they will breed in their new environment. They breed at about the same rate as horses, so that it is not to be expected that they will multiply like rabbits and cover the Rocky Mountain region with their herds within a short time. When success has been finally achieved it will be an easy matter to enlarge the business by importing additional animals. The selling of stock and the marketing of the fleeces will naturally follow.

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The Deep Strategy of Mr. Masterson

(Continued from Page 9)

to be entirely frank, I'm afraid I couldn't restrain myself. And yet, there's a way, gents, in which danger may be avoided. Let us abandon that clause which provides for a count of forces in the Plaza. The end in view can be attained by having it understood that at eight o'clock the Masterson forces are to gather in the Long Branch, and the Updegraffe people in Mr. Peacock's Dance Hall. Then the two sides may be counted separately, and the chance of deadly collision eliminated. We will set our watches together so that the count shall occur at eight o'clock sharp. Mr. Kelly for our side would be at the Dance Hall to act with Mr. Peacock in a count of the Updegraffe votes, while Mr Webster for your interests is welcome at the Long Branch to aid Mr. Short in a round-up of the strength of Mr. Masterson. The two forces would be out of gunshot of each other, and attendance would be freer and more untrammeled. Following the count, Mr Short and Mr Kelly, Mr. Webster and Mr. Peacock would come together and declare the result From such result, of course, there would be no appeal, unless those appealing aimed at civil war.

As Mr Wright talked on, suavely, smoothly, laying down each feature of his design, a slow look of satisfaction stole into the faces of Mr. Webster and Mr. Peacock Even the more hardy features of Mr. Walker were not untouched There had been doubts tugging at the hearts of the Updegraffe three True, the majority of twelve was theirs; but the weight of valor stood overwhelmingly with Mr Masterson. The offer of a safe separation of forces was a relief, and Mr Peacock, Mr Walker and Mr. Webster lost no time in accepting Notices were posted proclaiming an election after the scheme laid down by Mr. Wright

It was election night, only the enterprising and those with votes and guns were abroad in Dodge. The rival clans of Masterson and Updegraffe began to gather respectively, at the Long Branch and the Dance Hall. There was never a ripple of disorder nothing could be finer than that peace which was Ten minutes before eight o'clock, the hour fixed for the count, the strength of each had convened. The Updegraffe people were jubilant; every man of theirs was in the Dance Hall, and that majority of twelve was sure

The minutes went ticking themselves into eternity, and the watches of Mr Kelly and Mr. Peacock registered one minute before eight. In sixty seconds the count in the Dance Hall would take place. At the Long Branch, where the followers of Mr. Masterson filled the great room, conditions were much the same. There, Mr. Webster and Mr Short would make the tally. Watch in hand they stood waiting for the moment

It was at this crisis that Mr. Tighlman, at the nod of Mr. Masterson, pulled his pistol and fired through the Long Branch floor The report was a joyful signal. Instantly one hundred further shots rang out. Indeed, it was a noble din. The room filled with smoke; excitement mounted. Cimarron Bill, a six-shooter in each faithful hand, was in the midst of the hubbub, whooping like a Comanche

The night herd carried the stirring story of riot and uproar to the waiting multitude in the Dance Hall. Those waiting ones looked first their amazement, then their delight. As by one impulse they tore through the wide front door, and made, hotfoot, for the Long Branch. By conservative estimates, founded upon the whole number of shots, there should be at least five dead and fifteen wounded. As the advance guard arrived at the Long Branch they met Mr. Short

"Bat's downed Bob Wright," remarked Mr. Short. "Plugged him plumb centre."

Inside went the hilarious Dance Hallers with a rush; the astute Mr. Short followed, closed the door, and set his back against it

"It's eight o'clock, Mr. Webster," remarked Mr. Short. "We must begin to count." It was observable that in the hand that did not hold the watch Mr. Short held a six shooter

Mr. Webster was in a flutter of nerves; he had been the only one in the Long Branch who did not understand and had not anticipated those frantic excesses of Mr. Tighlman, Cimarron Bill and others of that heroic firing party. Mr. Webster was no wise clear as to what had happened. Borne upon by a feeling of something wrong, he made a protest

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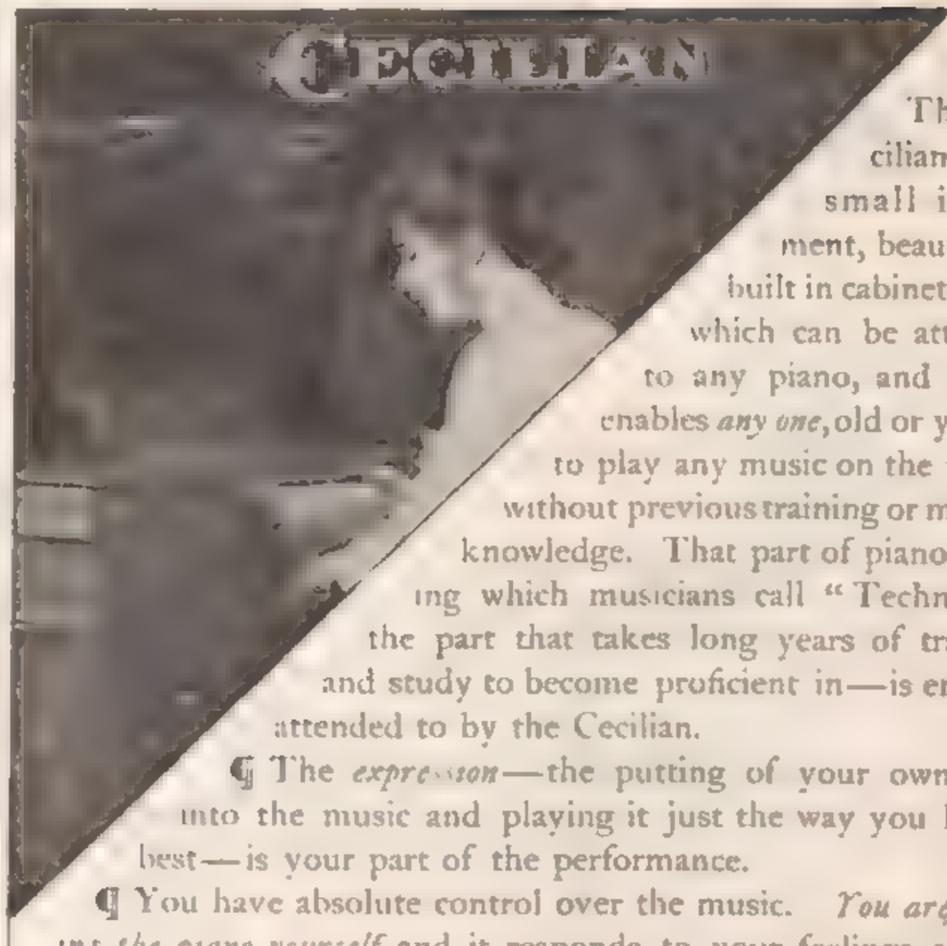

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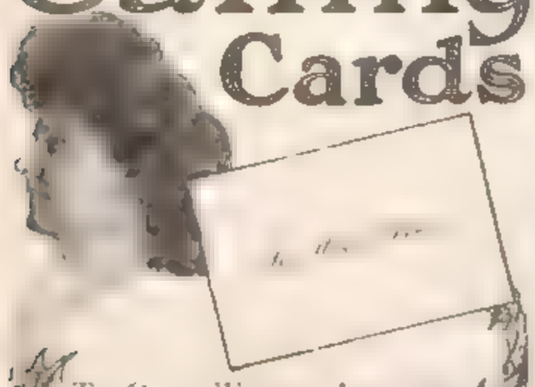

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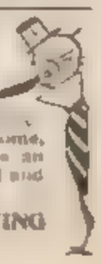

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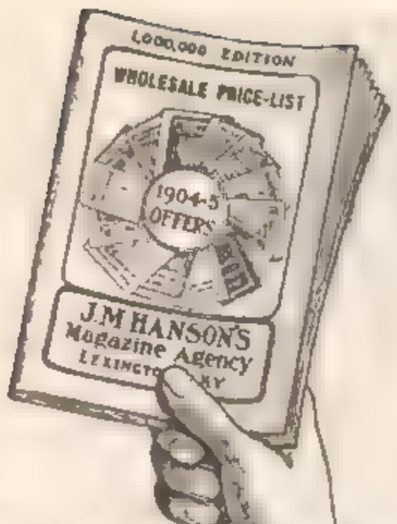

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"Stop!" he cried; "there's a lot of Updegraffe men in here."

"No, sir," responded Mr. Short coldly, while a gray glimmer, a kind of danger signal it was, began to show in his eye. "Every gent inside the Long Branch is for Bat Masterson or he wouldn't be here. Also, to suggest fraud," concluded Mr. Short, as Mr. Webster seemed about to speak, "would be an attack upon my honor, me ownin' the joint."

Now the honor of Mr. Short next to Mr. Short's six-shooter was the most feverish thing in Dodge. The mere mention of it sent a chill through Mr. Webster. Without parley he surrendered himself tamely and the count at the Long Branch began. The total proved satisfactory; the returns gave Mr. Masterson 300 votes.

"Let us go over to the Dance Hall," said Mr. Wright sweetly, "and see what Kelly and Peacock have to report." They were saved the journey; Mr. Kelly and Mr. Peacock, the latter bewildered and fear ridden in spite of the unknown, came into the Long Branch.

Only thirty-three for Updegraffe," said Mr. Kelly. "That's [illegible], and Peacock."

Mr. [illegible] gasped but [illegible] Masterson. it would [illegible] elected," observed Mr. Wright benignantly and speaking generally to the public. "A majority of 227. It is a gratifying tribute to his popularity. The whole vote however is much smaller than I looked for" and Mr. Wright beamed.

"I think," said Mr. Kelly judgmatically, "that thar's a passel of Updegraffe people stampedin' about the streets. But, of course, since they weren't in the Dance Hall, I and Peacock had no authority to include 'em, did we, Peacock?"

Mr. Peacock shook his head in forlornest fashion. He was too much cast down to oppose the word of Mr. Kelly.

Bear Creek Johnson, eye aflame, a-bristle for trouble, pushed through. Cimarron Bill met the outraged Bear Creek in the door.

"Whatever do you reckon now you're after?" queried Cimarron Bill, maintaining the while a dangerous eye.

Bear Creek Johnson surveyed Cimarron Bill, running him up and down with an uneasy, prudent glance. He smelled disaster off him as folk smell fire in a house.

"Me?" he returned mildly. "Which I merely comes pirootin' over to move we make the 'lection of Bat Masterson yoonanimous."

Thus did the *ruse de guerre* of Mr. Masterson result in victory; thus was he made sheriff of Dodge.

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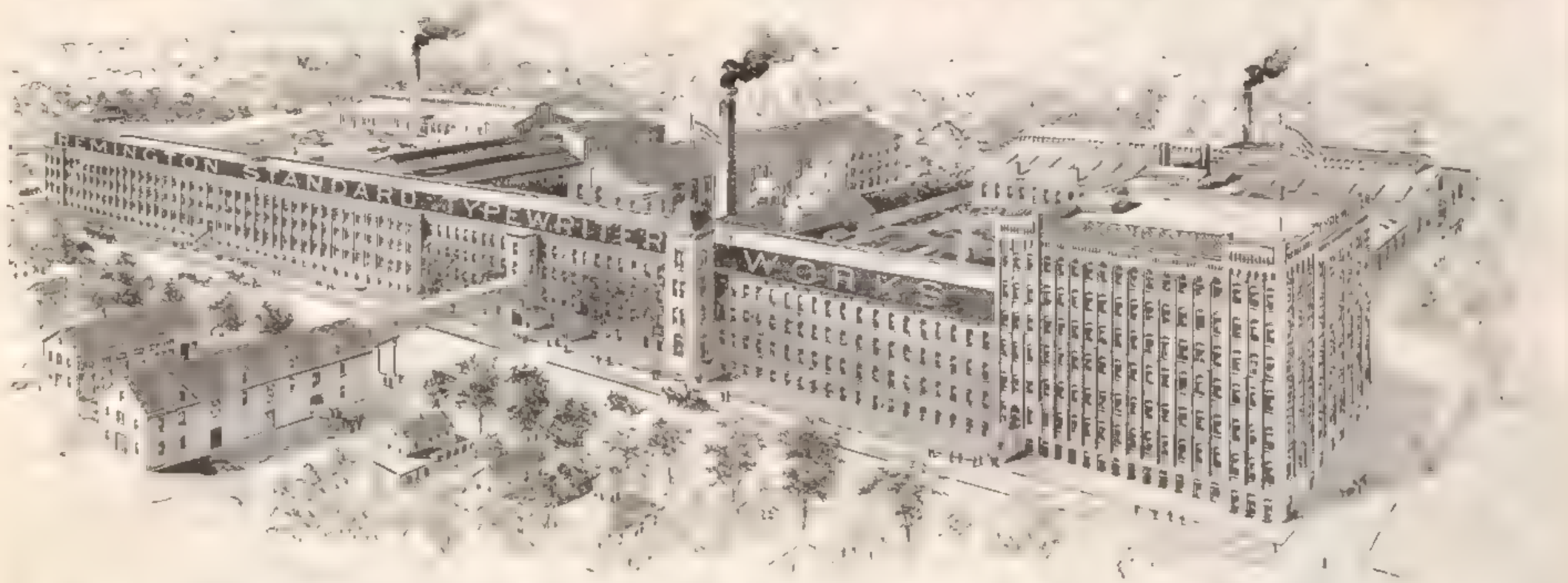

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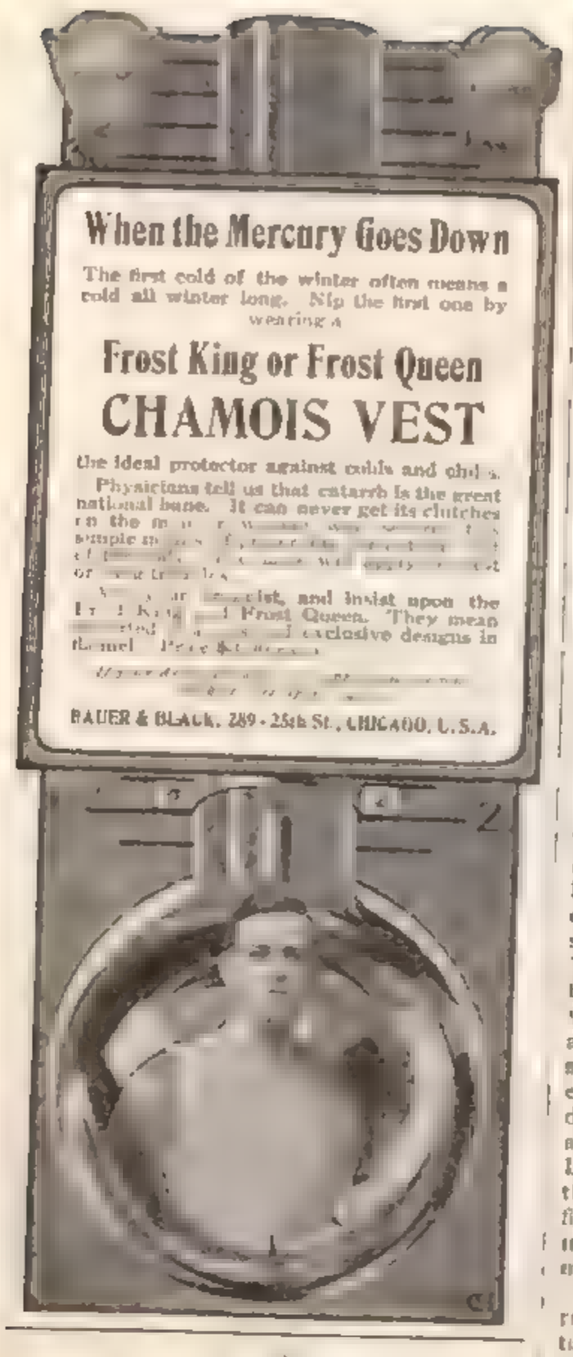
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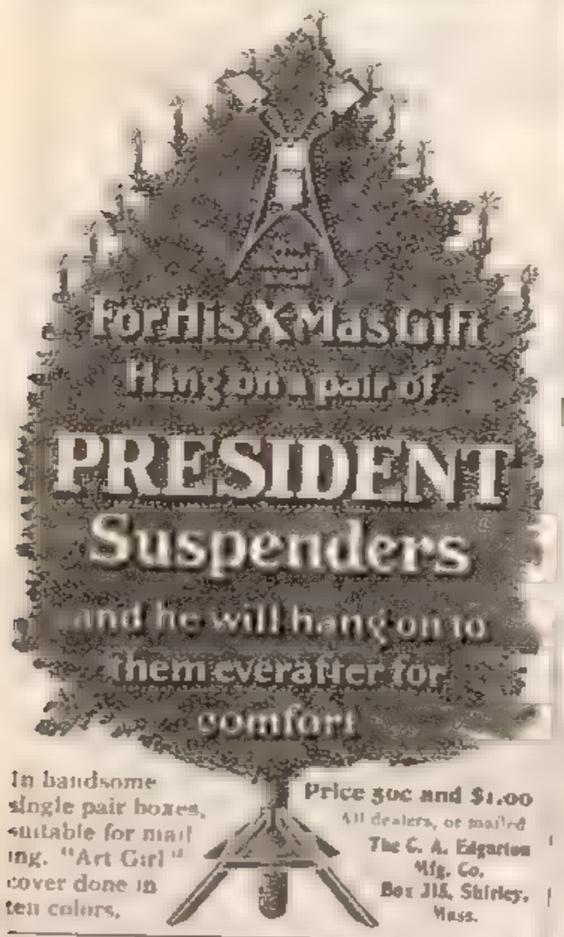

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CATCHING SUCKERS

(Continued from Page 2)

The varieties of this style of get-rich-quick swindle are numberless; but the basic principle is identical in all—that is, promise something for nothing to everybody and keep the promised good to yourself, meanwhile be liberal with your bait so long as the catch is satisfactory. Resting upon this broad principle, the particular form of the scheme is immaterial. Often the simplest and baldest device will succeed as well as the most complicated. I remember one concern that reached the perfection of simplicity. It refused to say what its scheme was. It did not propose to kill the goose that laid the golden egg by letting everybody know how it was able to earn from sixty to one hundred per cent. a year on all the money invested with it. With an air of haughty and mysterious independence, it merely alleged its ability to make capital breed at this astonishing rate and it caught as many suckers as though it had been more specific.

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The forms are numberless. One of the most curious, and certainly the most grewsome, had a great vogue over the West a number of years ago. This particular get-rich-quick scheme was known as graveyard insurance. The concern [illegible] a number of them permitted you to take out a policy of insurance payable to yourself, on the life of any person you chose. There were no tiresome formalities in the way of medical examinations and the like. The only condition was that the insured should be actually alive at the time of taking out the policy. Like nearly all other swindles of their class, the promoters paid the losses promptly at first, and taking out life insurance on people in the last gasps of consumption got to be more popular than playing the races.

In one village there was a decrepit, bed-ridden old man all but ready for the undertaker. The entire local sporting contingent picked Grandpa Smith as a sure winner, so to speak, and the graveyard agents did a rushing business writing policies on him. Word that the old gentleman was very low caused a thrill of hope in several honest breasts. But the speculative craze invaded even the sick-room. Grandpa Smith heard about the new game and at once took out a policy on an old lady whose early demise was considered a foregone conclusion; and the prospect of winning so cheered him up that he pulled through the winter.

It is rather ghastly; yet we have heard stories of the great man, suddenly stricken with a fatal illness in the midst of big market operations, from whose bedside sorrowing friends tiptoed—to give rush orders to go short of the stocks that the great man was bulling. However, that is high finance, and has nothing to do with the subject in hand. There have been such things as lying prospectuses bearing eminent names, doctored reports of earnings and what not, which, also, belong to the higher walk.

There is a tradition that farmers are the most easily swindled; but I doubt it. Even in the farmer's great specialty, the gold brick, he has been outdone by a townsman. It was actually a bank president who paid $13,000—the record price, so far as I know—for one of those interesting souvenirs.

This banker had a cousin who had drifted around the mines—and some even less promising places. One day a stranger, in the slouch hat and black coat of the West, came into the bank and inquired for the cousin. The banker knew nothing of the relative's whereabouts. The stranger was very greatly disturbed. He had counted certainly on finding that cousin. The disappointment quite unnerved him, so that he told the banker his trouble. Two Indians had a luscious gold brick. It was not his business to inquire how or where they got it; but they had it. They were making their way to Kansas City, where they hoped to dispose of it. One Indian was a bad man and dared not show himself by daylight, so their progress was slow. At present they were hiding in a cave some forty miles to the southwest. It was a cinch that the brick could be bought for half its value. If the cousin had been there he would have raised the money and bought the brick.

The downcast stranger talked on, frankly; and the banker rose to the fly. He accompanied the stranger at night to the cave

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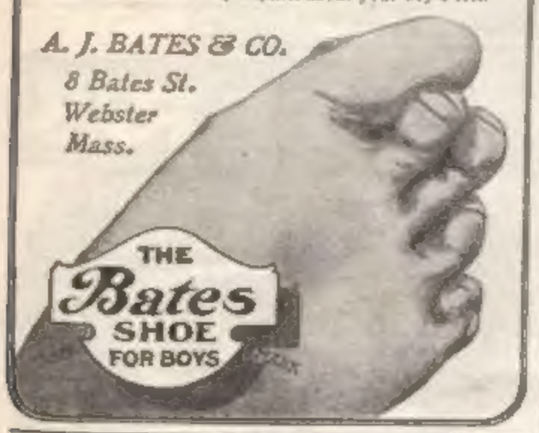

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where one Indian slept by a smoldering fire while the other stood guard. Both leaped up with leveled rifles when the white men intruded, and were pacified only by the words of their acquaintance, the stranger. They still objected to the banker, but the persuasive stranger overcame their fears. The brick was produced. The banker had come prepared. He examined the treasure carefully, took its measure, and clipped off a corner, which he carried to Kansas City to be assayed. Then he returned and bought the brick—and thereby, all unwittingly, robbed the farmer of his proud preëminence in the gold-brick industry.

And it was a druggist, not a farmer, who came up to the city with an infallible plan for beating the stock market—the result of a very careful study of the subject on his part. He had been following the course of the market day by day as given in the record of sales in the newspapers. He had observed that there was always, first, the opening quotation, then a low point, then a high point. He wished the broker simply to buy at the low point and sell out at the high point each day, thus taking no chances whatever and insuring him a steady daily income.

Nevertheless, the farmer, if not actually preëminent, has done very well. He has taken his fair proportion of shares in the myriad of bogus mining and oil companies, and in those which are not exactly bogus but might as well be for all the good they do the stockholders.

The "salted" gold mine is an old story; but there is the "salted" oil well which is not so well known. This is the well which can make an actual showing of output and earnings and which is capitalized and marketed on the basis of that showing—without any regard to the important fact that its life is but a few years long.

As an interesting instance of what may be called popular taste in gold bricks, I am told that worthless oil stock finds eager takers where mining stock of exactly the same intrinsic merit can hardly be given away. Indeed, one extreme instance is alleged of a promoter who worked diligently for months without any success to sell a bit of scenery as a gold mine, and then found a ready market for it as an oil well.

Of course, even in an unpromising field, persistent, intelligent individual effort may succeed. One of the most conservative—not to say close-fisted—men I ever knew invested in a gold mine. He took no mere hearsay. It was a personally-conducted swindle, and he was the conductor. He went to Idaho and in his own proper person descended into the mine. With his own hands he wielded the pick, and he put the ore into his own bag to carry to his own assayer. He measured with his own tape-line and probed with his own stick; finally paid over his own money. The ore was all right, too; only the mine he examined was a mile from the one he bought.

In spite of all modern improvements, the printing press, the postal service and the financial advertising column, which make it possible to work upon people *en masse*, the bulk of swindling is still done by hand, through individual effort, man to man; and here the farmer is probably the backbone of the industry.

The stranger comes to town and goes straight to the bank. He has a list of names, and he gets the bank to give him the credit rating of each one. Then he goes to work. Patent rights used to be popular—a new sort of pasture-gate, or pump, or churn, for which the farmer could secure the exclusive agency for his township. If the stranger had demanded money he could have done very little business. All he asked was a simple exercise in penmanship. Some of the lines, besides gold bricks, are so old and well established that the census ought to take them into account as regular industries.

All this swindling blunts the victim's hospitality and tends to lower his moral tone. That may be shown by a simple illustration:

Two bad men went out from Chicago and in due time found their farmer. Also in due time the farmer played the stereotyped game of cards with one of them and won $500. The money was ready; but, of course, before the loser paid he must be satisfied of the winner's ability to have paid if he had lost. The farmer dutifully trotted to the bank and drew the $500. His $500, along with the $500 of the loser, was handed to the impartial stakeholder (the second swindler), who was simply to count the two packages, wrap them up and duly hand them over to the victor. This the stakeholder faithfully did, and sifted away. The losing player, however, tarried a minute—perhaps in mere amused overconfidence; perhaps because he

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of an IVER JOHNSON REVOLVER. Safe because the hammer never touches the firing pin; the *lever* does the business; it is controlled by the trigger and cannot get *between* the firing pin and hammer unless the *trigger pulls* it there, and the revolver *cannot be fired* unless the lever is in that position. That is why you can handle an IVER JOHNSON REVOLVER carelessly; drop it, throw it; if you like, *hammer the hammer;* a discharge is impossible unless *you pull the trigger.*

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Restu worn in any shoe by anybody. Comfortable and restful. Affords instant relief from rheumatism of the feet, weak ankles, cramp of the toes, or bunions. Prevents flat-foot and gives a graceful arch to the instep. Write for interesting booklet.

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Please send me your booklet, "1001 Stories of Success," and explain how I can qualify for the position before which I have marked X.

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A delightfully tempting sweetmeat made of the purest and most palatable ingredients. Its crisp, snappy consistency will conserve to easy digestion. It has a most pleasing flavor with an enchanting aroma which constantly invites you to taste of this delicious confection and

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For sale by leading stores in all cities.

If your dealer hasn't it, send us his name and address together with 4c in stamps and we will send you a generous sample

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RUECKHEIM BROS. & ECKSTEIN, CRACKER JACK AND CANDY MAKERS
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had noticed that the farmer carried a watch which he could hardly have any important use for in his business. The farmer unexpectedly ripped open his package and found that it contained nothing but brown paper. His friend might have hit him in the eye and ran; but he did not. On the contrary, he was thunderstruck. That stakeholder was undoubtedly a double-dyed villain. The card-loser declared an unquenchable thirst for justice. His grief was so violent that the farmer tried to comfort him. They agreed to catch the rascal, who would undoubtedly strike for the city.

The card-loser knew a matchless detective who would nab the culprit in no time and recover the money. Unfortunately, he was without ready cash, for it developed that the rascal had picked his pocket of a large sum. The great detective must be feed in advance; and the utmost secrecy was necessary. The farmer went back to the bank and borrowed $100, which the friend undertook to forward to the detective by wire together with full instructions in his private code. He did, in fact, go to the railroad station, for he was almost as anxious to meet the first rascal as he pretended to be, lest that story of his own loss come true.

Just before train-time the farmer appeared at the station and saw his friend on the platform. He explained, almost apologetically, that he had decided to go to the city himself; was going there anyway in a short time, and might help in the search. The friend could find no objection to that, but left him on the station platform a moment while he stepped inside. He was bustling the farmer into the coach when the farmer glanced around and plainly saw the rascal getting into the rear coach. The friend was tickled to death over this. All they had to do was to keep perfectly quiet. The great detective would meet the train in the city, nab the man and recover the money.

They chatted pleasantly on the way to the city; but a disappointment awaited them: the villain had vanished, and the great detective somehow failed to appear.

The friend was downcast; but his fighting blood rose. He proposed not only to reimburse the farmer—for they had grown friendlier than ever in their talk—but to spend his last remaining dollar in running down the wretch who had so shamelessly betrayed them both. His means were tied up in securities, but they could realize on them as soon as the banks opened in the morning. He took the farmer to an hotel which he could recommend, and exhibited the securities—several bonds of the Russian Government.

They slept in the same room, but a fresh misfortune overcame them. Some miscreant stole the Russian bonds in the night. It was very fortunate that they were Russian bonds, for there were not many of them in this country, and it would be impossible to negotiate them without detection. The thieves unquestionably knew this, so they would hold the bonds for a reward. The thing to do was to put an advertisement in the newspaper, offering a reward for the return of the bonds. The advertisement was answered with agreeable promptness. The letter said that the bonds would be returned for a reward of $100 and promise of immunity from arrest. A young woman with two red roses on her hat would be at a certain corner, with the bonds in an envelope under her jacket. The person who wished to secure them must approach from the north, with an envelope in his left hand containing the money. As he passed there would be a quick exchange of envelopes. The farmer had mentioned his friend, the commission merchant at the stockyards. Obviously there was nothing to do but go to him, borrow the necessary $100 and secure the bonds. When the farmer returned home he related his experience.

"The young woman was standing on the corner," said he. "I walked by and stuck out my envelope, and she stuck out her'n, and we swapped. I went back to the hotel, but the fellow'd gone. There wasn't anything but a newspaper in the envelope she give me."

The listener expressed sympathy and indignation; but the farmer complacently stroked his beard.

"And what do you suppose was in the envelope I give her?" he asked. "Nothing but brown paper!"

He had learned at last. It was expensive; but the possession of knowledge is ever a satisfaction.

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